THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

THE FLAG OF LIBERTY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Our own dear flag! my memory strays
To childhood's pure, and happy days,
When, seated by my father's side,
I learned, with joy, thy tale of pride;
My mother too, could gently speak,
Till tears rolled down my infant cheek,
Of those who died of old, for thee,
Thou starry flag of Liberty!

My father's days on earth are o'er,
His loving voice I hear no more;
My gentle mother too, has gone,
And left the son she loved—alone:
No! not alone! for still above,
I view the flag they bade me love!
Ah! what is left me now save thee,
My parents' flag of Liberty?

Oh! still above my dear ones' graves,
Thy fair, unconquered star group waves,
And may I die, before the day,
When traitors rend thy folds away:
Though blighted now by breath of war,
Though dimmed and wan thine ev'ry star,
Yet bright shall thy renewal be,
Oh! storm beat flag of Liberty!

The gentle scenes of childhood's hours,
The memories dear of early flowers,
The brightest dreams of generous youth,
The every thought that seems of truth,
The memory of each tranquil joy
Which cheered, when I was yet a boy,
All these are blent with thoughts of thee,
Thou holy flag of Liberty.

Though recreants round thy staff may rail,
Though earth and hell that staff assail,
To earth thy folds they shall not drag,
My own! my own! my father's flag!
Oh! when at last in earth I sleep,
Thou'lt flutter o'er my slumber deep,
And nations yet unborn shall see
Thy pride—dear flag of Liberty!

FRANK.

THE CHATEAU DE PIERREFONDS, DEPARTMENT OF THE OISE, FRANCE.

The department of the Oise possesses a considerable number of ruins of old castles, the construction of which was originally due to the frequent attacks of the Normans during the Middle Ages. The most majestic of these castles was the Chateau de Pierrefonds, rebuilt on a new site by Louis de Valois, in 1390, and considered one of the wonders of that time. It was a veritable fortress, and, in fact, sustained several sieges. It was in the possession of the Leaguers when Henri IV. caused it to be attacked successively, but in vain, by the Duke of Epernon and Marshal Biron. Subsequent events led to its dismantlement as a stronghold and to its neglect as a habitation, till at length the Chateau de Pierrefonds came to be one of the most remarkable ruins known, ever presenting the curious and interesting appearance of a quite recent destruction or decay. The neighborhood of Pierrefonds itself is very attractive, being picturesquely situated on the border of the ancient forest; and during the annual autumnal sojourns of the French Court at Compiegne, a picnic or a dejeuner in the vicinity of the youthful looking ruin has often furnished a day's attraction to the distinguished visitors. From a more exalted motive, no doubt, the Emperor of the French has taken the chateau under his august protection, and confided its renovation to the able direction of M. Viollet-le-Duc, the Imperial architect. At the rate the works have hitherto proceeded, the entire restoration cannot be accomplished before the end of 1869.

The Empress Eugenie, during her recent visit to Portugal and Spain, bore the title of Countess de Pierrefonds. Our engraving is from a drawing recently made on the spot by Felix Thorigny.

COUSIN JOHN'S RETURN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MARGARET HOSMER.

An hour later, John came into the parlor, where the party for the Academy were waiting for Alice to come down in her bonnet and scarf. To the mother and son he bowed with more conciliating politeness than usual, for it had become an accusing consciousness to himself that he was unjust in thought towards them.

"Can I ask a favor of you, sir," he said kindly, holding a legal writing in his hand, "I have been making a little purchase here, and Mr. Morley tells me I need another name as witness, may I ask for yours?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Lindell readily; for some reason of his own, he was anxious to propitiate the unbending John, and hailed anything that would aid to bring them pleasantly together. "Shall I do it here, or will I go into the other room with you?"

"Step this way, the pen is ready here, and it will be less trouble. I have had some connection with what we call a strictly tea-house in China; they forwarded for a Liverpool house of the same name, Lawrence Billings & Co., and new partners buying in just now, I have taken my interest out, and mean to purchase something in the way of home property."

Mr. Lindell had taken the pen in his hand as John spoke, and suddenly his face changed to a purplish scarlet, which died out and left it white and livid as death. With a powerful effort he seemed to overcome his weakness, and grasping the pen wrote hastily.

"Are you sure that is in the right place, Mr. Lindell?" said John, surprised at the excitement of his companion.

"No, no, you have really put it almost upside down on Mr. Morley's—"

"And," cried John astonished, "you haven't written your own name at all, 'Richard Birschley.' What can be the matter with you?"

Something certainly was the matter with him, he scratched his pen over and over the name in a sort of nervous fury, laughed sharply, declared he must be demented, and appeared in a fair way to establish the truth of his declaration, when his mother appeared in the doorway, and begged to know what detained them. John looked from her son to her without a word; he was a slow man, and he was endeavoring to understand what he had seen.

"What is it?" cried Mrs. Lindell in a sharp tone, and with a look at the confused young man that asked more than her words

"I'm sure I can't tell what possessed me," he said in a trembling voice. "No one can account for the absurd fancies that seize them at odd times, and I have been writing a name that I neither knew nor even heard of, as my own. What could have put it into my head?"

"What, indeed?" echoed his mother, with an angry glare dawning in her black eyes. "Nothing but that silly story you were reading to me this morning out of an English paper about a boy in the minories of that name; now, as Alice is waiting impatiently, you had better write your own name, and join her."

"Not on this paper," said John, quietly.

"The dates are entirely blotted out, and we must have a new deed, Mr. Morley, if you please."

Without waiting for further explanation Mr. Lindell hurried away, and his mother remained to laugh at the oddness of his mistake, and expatiate on the little story of the Cornish boy of the name he had so strangely taken as his own. Mr. Morley, a man of quiet, methodical business habits, retired to the window, and looked out as he made a pen. John stood by the table without either surprise or doubt, or any other emotion on his impenetrable face, and balanced a ruler slowly from hand to hand; but Mrs. Lindell, with a strong eye on the marred and blotted paper, sidled up to the place where it lay, and talking gayly all the time took it up, and began twisting it about absently in her fingers. Without changing his face, or scarcely his attitude, John slipped it quietly out of her hand.

"I shall need it for a copy," he said, and smiled as he rolled it up and put it in his pocket.

The party came back from the Academy to dinner, and were full of enthusiastic delight as they spoke of the pictures. John was there, too, but very silent. He looked at Lindell once or twice, but meeting the mother's eyes watching them both with a lynx-like eagerness, he gave up the scrutiny, and applied himself to his dinner.

"I am going to New York to-morrow, aunt," he said at the close of the meal. "I shall be gone a week perhaps, and I will do nothing further in our China business till I return." He looked at Mr. and Mrs. Lindell as he spoke, and all three rose together.

"Oh," said Aunt Bache mildly, "there can be no need of haste, I suppose. The object was to relieve you of trouble and care, and hurrying and bothering you would only increase it, as far as I can see. Lionel feels a delicacy about entering into these details before his marriage; but Mrs. Lindell and I see with more worldly-wise eyes, and desire all these things satisfactorily settled."

"It was Lord Parkmore's letter to Lionel made it seem a pity to throw aside so grand an opportunity," said Mrs. Lindell. "The Cornish mines, Mr. Bache, are such rich affairs that one needs interest to get an opportunity to invest in them. Lord Parkmore is a family friend of ours, and is so devoted to us that he wrote at once to inform us of the probable opening."

"Mr. Lindell's own property is in that part of England, I understand; as Miss Bache's only male relative I have a right to inquire into its extent, and receipts, before risking anything on her account. To whom shall I address a letter of that kind?"

"It is unnecessary, I shall speak for myself, Cousin John, and I declare it to be entirely uncalled for. I do not need that any one should institute a court of inquiry where my heart is concerned. Cousin John, I shall feel so roused and insulted if you continue this conduct, that all the past devotion of your life will be needed to make me excuse it."

Alice Bache protested in this wise, with a glowing face and trembling voice, against her cousin's implied suspicion; but she received no answer from him except a look of great kindness and compassion, which he cast upon her as he left the room.

That day as he was about to start by a late New York train, Mr. Lindell stepped out of the depot and confronted him.

"Mr. Bache," he said, in a dignified tone, that expressed nothing harsh or petulant, "may I ask if you have any unpleasant feeling towards me, simply because your cousin looks on me favorably? Your conduct has been so peculiar that I feel it due to myself to ask an explanation."

"I shall give it in a few words," said John quietly, "for in a few moments the train will be off. I am bitterly opposed to your marrying my Cousin Alice, and shall do all I can to prevent it. Do you ask me why, Mr. Lindell? It is because I don't believe in you."

"Not believe in me, Mr. Bache," exclaimed the young man, growing pale suddenly. "I really cannot fathom your meaning, if you have any meaning."

"I have no right to tell you my suspicions unless I have proof to support them; I shall have that proof in a week or two if you are in Philadelphia. I say if you *are in Philadelphia* on my return I shall produce it."

The steam puffed slowly, and the cars began to move. John bowed coldly and stepped inside, leaving Mr. Lindell standing on the platform.

The week was not yet gone, five days only had elapsed, when John Bache presented himself in the parlor of the hotel where the Lindells were staying, and sent up his card. In a very few minutes Mr. Lindell returned holding it in his hand, and with no sign of confusion or perturbation, walked calmly up to him.

"I am glad to see you back looking so well," he said, with careless good humor; "have you just arrived? The ladies are well I hope; I saw them this morning, and Miss Alice was exceedingly anxious to have you return."

"I have not seen them yet; I meant to call on you first; can you go out with me for a walk at once?"

There was something threatening in his voice, although it was very quiet, but Mr. Lindell seemed in no wise affected by it, but assenting, immediately drew on his gloves, and dangling his light cane at his heels, sauntered down the broad stone steps after him. They went away, talking carnestly together, or rather John was the earnest talker, and his companion merely listened with an occasional interruption of a word or two. A couple of hours later they turned into Walnut street together, still talking, but this time it was Mr. Lindell who was the earnest speaker.

"Can you be idiot enough to imagine that I should remain quiet during all this plotting against me," he said; "no, not while I had anything to lose or gain. Your absurd suspicion that I might be some foreign offender, would have cost me my happiness for life, if I allowed you to be the only actor in a clever little farce of your own getting up. When you went to New York with the modest determination to ruin me, I stayed at home to take care that you should not. You can tell your story when you will, Alice more than suspected your design, from the first, and is prepared for you."

They were at the door-step now, each paused for a moment to see which would enter first, and then both went in together. In the parlor, Mrs. Lindell was sitting by the window with her needle-work, and every appearance of being thoroughly at home. Alice or her mother were not there, and she rose to receive them with the air of a hostess.

"You are astonished no doubt to see me at home here, Mr. Bache," she said, smiling with great sweetness, "but Mrs. Bache was so lonely, and Alice and she persuaded me to give up being at the hotel and stay with them till November, which is to be the blissful month, is it not, Lionel?" She laughed and tapped him on the shoulder with her embroidery frame.

"Where are my aunt and cousin?" asked John.

And before any one could reply, they both entered the room together. Greatly surprised at seeing him they must both have been, for their faces changed, and scarcely a natural tone was left in either voice as they said,

"Really, John, you astonish one, coming in so suddenly."

"It is his intention to astonish you much more, he thinks," said Mr. Lindell, coldly. "Mr. Bache has many grave charges to make against me, mother; and although they will affect your mind no more than the idle wind, yet it is due that you should listen to him; he has evidently taken trouble enough to gather together his share of evidence, lies though they are."

Alice rose with a paling cheek and dilating eye, and took her place at her lover's side. His mother went over to Aunt Bache and took her hand protectingly.

"Pray, dear friend, be patient," she said, soothingly; "these things have occurred before, and Mr. Bache undoubtedly believes what he says, and acts with an eye to his sweet cousin's interests. If Lionel's character will not bear examination, I should be indeed afraid; but as it is, I really do not know what we should feel annoyed about."

John Hosier came forward and took his stand in the centre of the room.

"Mrs. Lindell has said truly, when disputing my motives to regard for my Cousin Alice, how much I have thought of her, none but Heaven and my own heart knows but hear me—I have no selfish feeling to gratify. When I knew she had chosen a husband, my one wish and desire was, that he should be worthy of her and make her happy. I had reason to suspect him of not owning the name he bore, because I had heard it so often spoken when he appeared unconscious of being called; this was confirmed when the other morning I happened to mention the name of a firm in China and England. He has good reason to remember it well, and he became instantly confused and distressed. Under the influence of this feeling he took up a deed to sign, and wrote upon it his own true name, Richard Birschley. Look at him now, and see in his face an answer to its truth."

Mr. Lindell's face, as every eye turned towards it, fully expressed the perturbation and wrath of a guilty man; but his mother drew away attention by speaking, and her own countenance was mild and serene enough to re-establish the faith that would be shaken by a glance at his.

"Go on, do, Mr. Bache; I am really interested; and don't be annoyed, Lionel, dear, it is simply a curious mistake, which Mr. Bache will no doubt explain away himself as we listen to him."

"This firm, with which I was to a certain extent connected in Canton, had an English branch in Liverpool, which was under the control of a young man named Richard Birschley." John went on to say this, looking as he spoke directly at Mrs. Lindell, whom he seemed to single out from that moment as the one with whom he had to deal.

"This young Birschley was not only a reliable, but an exceedingly useful person, in the opinion of Mr. Lawrence, the head of the firm; and until his going to Havana, for the purpose of settling some outstanding debts connected with early transactions of the house, I believe they never had reason to doubt his probity. On his return from the West Indies, where his stay was unnecessarily prolonged, he brought with him a wife, a lady of property as he represented to his employers; a widow, and something older than himself. From this moment his depredations commenced, and although not suspected until long afterwards, he was found to have entered, under the direction and assistance of this woman, upon a villainous scheme of the most systematic fraud. It was discovered by our house. We had forwarded an invoice of dye-stuffs, for which we were waiting the return cash to pay off our factory hands. It came in an order on a house at Singapore, which being a loss to us, we rejected it, and wrote to Lawrence and Billings for the money itself. They had never signed an order, and were filled with astonishment at the non-receipt of the banking bill they had sent. Birschley was appealed to; but Birschley was not there to explain—he had gone with the proceeds of twenty such bills as ours, cashed by London brokers, and money enough borrowed on the credit of the firm to nearly swamp it for the next three years. No stone was left unturned for his detection, but the time and manner of their flight had been well planned, and they escaped. I heard once that Mr. Billings met with a pair of fellow students wandering in Germany, that strangely recalled some faces he had known, but while he was yet inquiring concerning them they disappeared suddenly. He had afterwards reason to believe them to be Birschley and his wife, travelling under this disguise, and used what means he could employ to trace them, but again found it to be in vain. I think I hold in my hand the next clue to this scampish pair of impostors."

He had taken from his pocket a bit of written paper, and held it up so that "Richard Birschley," a bold signature, though scrawled and scratched over, could plainly be seen.

"This is the name Mr. Lindell wrote when I mentioned to him the name of the old house he had so shamelessly wronged. I have been to New York to see a son of Mr. Billings, who is now in the United States, and obtained from him an old bill of Birschley's making out. You can compare the writing."

Alice Bache, her eyes flashing fire, and her whole form trembling violently, struck the paper from her cousin's hand as he held it out towards her.

"Do you suppose, John Bache," she exclaimed indignantly, "that in all this web of suspicious nonsense you have taken the trouble to weave, I see one thread of truth

that John is dead! You must be a shallow fellow to imagine that I cannot detect your motives."

Her face flamed, and she looked down for an instant, and then burst into tears. "Oh, John, John, how can you make me so wretched; I always thought you so good and noble, and you have broken my heart."

Mr. Lindell following a glance of his mother's eye, went up to her and took her hands in his; she threw herself upon his neck, and then hastily withdrawing from his embrace, rushed out of the room.

"Do you mean to give up quietly, and let this matter end, or am I to go on in the track I have discovered and bring this pair of plotters to public justice?" asked John Bache of Mrs. Lindell, from whose face he had never once removed his eyes.

She was soothing and whispering to the poor terrified lady, whose head she still held in hers, and now glanced up at him as she said:—

"I do not understand you, sir. If my son feels himself insulted by this rigmarole, he will no doubt find means to satisfy his honor. As for me, I shall entirely disapprove of his taking a step in the affair. I can only look upon you as a person whose own disappointed plans have confused your mind and irritated your temper beyond reason."

"You do not mean to leave this house, then?"

"Certainly not until after November next, when my pretty daughter-in-law and I will go together, no doubt."

Without any particular sign of anger or disappointment on the quiet surface of his face, John sighed once or twice, and putting the papers he held quietly away in his pocket, drew on his gloves and took up his hat.

Aunt Bache partly recovered from the dazed, shocked state into which she had been thrown by the statement she had heard, and as she saw her nephew prepare to depart, followed him eagerly, and caught his arm just as he stood on the threshold of the room.

"John, my dear boy, is it possible that what you have said is true, and that Mr. Birschley, dreadful young man that he must be, is a friend of Lionel's. Oh, dear, I hope and pray he don't mean to introduce him to Alice; or if he does, I hope he can explain his conduct. Your poor uncle, John, was very particular in these things, and wouldn't listen to anything that savored of dishonesty or double dealing; such connexions are dangerous, my dear Mrs. Lindell, as you must know, and I really wish some one would look after Alice, who is far from well, I'm afraid."

John, without attempt at reply, crossed the hall, and the mother and son drew back poor frightened Aunt Bache, and closed the door upon him. His hand was on the front door latch, when Katey called to him from the stairs.

"Miss Alice wants to spake till ye, come away up, Mr. John," she said.

John followed, and found his cousin standing in the door of her own little sitting-room. She motioned him to come in; and shutting it and placing her back against it, said in a hard, unnatural voice, "John Bache, you have tried hard to ruin two innocent people; what your object may be God only knows, and may He forgive you; but you have made me suspicious. Mr. Lindell wants our marriage to take place next month. I shall not delay it, and I beg that you may account for the investments in my name in our Chinese business before that time. You can name if you please your earliest convenience for the settlement."

If ever a man's face expressed a tender regard that had pity, love and sorrow all mingled in one, that face was John Bache's, as he looked down at his cousin's poor white trembling lips striving so hard to maintain the semblance of pride.

"It shall be to-night if you say so; the sooner the better for us both," he said quietly.

She stepped aside, and without another word he opened the door and passed down stairs. As he went by the parlor door there were sounds of chatting and laughing within, among which he could hear Mrs. Lindell's voice, saying, "Poor fellow, he believes every word he says; he loves Alice, and is mad with jealousy, and you would be a hard-hearted monster to blame him, Lionel."

That evening as the clock was striking eight John rang the door bell; he carried under his arm a little rosewood box, with the papers of the Canton house reaching far back before the days of Alice's father's failure. Katey, who let him in, motioned to the small dining-room without a word, and going in, he found it lighted, a table rolled into the middle of the floor, and chairs set about it, but no one there. Wondering very much at Katey's silence, he viewed these preparations for a solemn conclave. By-and-bye Aunt Bache and Mrs. Lindell came in together and greeted him as kindly as if nothing had occurred in the afternoon. His poor aunt was evidently under drill, for she seized many an opportunities to appeal to her handkerchief, and her red eyes showed her calmness had not been attained without tears. Presently Lionel sauntered easily in, and sank into a seat without in any way noticing John, and then Alice, with a white face and a trembling step, joined them. She was singularly quiet, and her voice sounded dull and strange when she replied to the salutations addressed to her. She had evidently not name of the party since John saw her, and must have apprised them of the intended business, by the little note John saw lying on the table. Mrs. Bache was a victim to conflicting emotions, first her desire to be friendly with her guests, and next the distressful sense of being at odds with her nephew, to whom she was sincerely attached.

"Pray, John, dear," she said propitiatingly, "pray be as little businesslike as you can, it's so distressing to be formal and cold with one to whom we are so indebted, and I really wish that you and Lionel could understand things better, and not make us feel so very much like living in an ice box as we do at present."

John opened the case he held in his hands. "I have but a very few words to say, aunt; these papers, which Mr. Lindell will examine as I speak, do away with the necessity for a lengthy explanation. My uncle failed totally in business, but with the sum of $16,000 advanced by me was enabled to maintain his credit, and by paying up within a small amount all his liabilities, reopened the house with but a few days suspension of trade. A year after he died suddenly, having settled to the utmost farthing with every one to whom he was responsible, leaving a large body of goods just received, and in cases, for exportation, but not capital enough of his own then able to be realized to half pay me for the money advanced, not to mention the maintenance of his wife and daughter. You will look into these papers, if you please; they contain a legally attested statement of the worth of the firm at the time of my buying out the interest in my own name. With the sum thus gained, which I can assure you was much greater than it could have commanded in the market, I bought this house and property for my aunt and cousin, and as you see by these deeds, settled on them for life a certain sum to be drawn from the income of the firm, and paid quarterly—which I now withdraw, as I can easily do, it having been entirely at my own option, without any compact to enforce it whatever." Here he took a paper from Mr. Lindell's hands and tore it into shreds. "You wished for a settlement of Miss Bache's interest in the Canton house, it is there at your feet. With the exception of what I may in my will bequeath to Mrs. Bache and her daughter, they are totally without means save the house in which they live, and of it I hold the deed, as you'll observe, in my own name."

"This is a base lie," screamed Mr. Lindell, who had heard himself called a villain unflinchingly, but who now that the property of his affianced was in danger, was a picture of rage and despair. "It is a base lie; you are a low, thieving scamp, and are trying to wrong your cousin; but it won't do. Confound your devilish cunning, it won't do." He advanced threateningly upon John as he spoke, his white teeth gleaming like a wolf's, and his eyes strained and glaring with fierce wrath.

John laid down the papers he was spreading before Mrs. Lindell, who, forgetting the glasses it was her custom to wear, was eagerly poring over the documents without a single word, and quietly caught his cousin's beloved by the shoulders. It must have been the pent-up dislike and contempt of weeks that nerved his arm, for his antagonist was a wiry fellow, and had strength enough to resist any moderate assault; but now he swayed backwards and forwards like a puppet in the strong hands that shook him. "Keep a civil tongue, though you are a rascal," advised John, as he let him drop exhausted and breathless into a chair. Then he gathered up the papers, never once looking at his cousin, and taking the box under his arm, left the room.

The next day brought a little note from Aunt Bache to the hotel, where he had whispered to Katey they might find him, as he left the house that night. It said—

Pray come to us, my dearest nephew, we are needing you terribly, and will try to make out as inexpensively as possible when Alice becomes able to teach. She is a good musician, you know, and her embroidery was always admired, but it is fearful to me to hear her rave, and I am sorry to be obliged to cut off her hair, it was so pretty. Her painting too is really excellent, and she could teach a class, you know; but I really think leeches will do as well as a blister, and we would be glad, Katey and I, if no one but the doctor, who is an old friend, knew of this dreadful affair. Come at once, and we'll live in a more inexpensive way when she recovers.

Your loving aunt,

CLARA BACHE.

It was as John suspected after reading this; the door opened cautiously to admit him, and the house smelt strangely of musk and camphor. In the little room of the night before, his aunt and the doctor stood whispering together. The poor lady was pale and distracted, and flew to him with many tears and exclamations of sorrow and distress. John put his arms round her, and felt himself trembling and suspiciously wet about the eyes as he gathered from her account some idea of what had happened. It was in substance this. Alice had turned to Lionel and said,

"Now, thank God, you can disprove these horrid suspicions. I have nothing at all, and you really do love me for myself."

He had looked very foolish, and his mother, who Aunt Bache had by some mysterious process discovered to be "deep," drew him away, and did all the rest of the talking.

"They had been insulted," she said, "it was high time to assert their dignity; a set of ruffians and deceivers; and she, for her part, rejoiced that they had made the thing clear before it was too late." So she drew away her boy, and he followed him, and they had both left the house within an hour after John did. And then Alice had begun to laugh in an extraordinary manner, and had kept it up until she thoroughly alarmed her mother, who saw no occasion for mirth, and finally, under Katey's advice, called for the doctor. Here that gentleman interposed to say it was a fever, and being chiefly in the head, he had thought it best to apply a blister there.

"Then my poor cousin has the brain fever," said John, sadly. "I feared she would have something of the kind before she got over that fall."

Spring had come around again, and the shade trees in front of Aunt Bache's house were budding in a lively green; the air was full of balmy warmth and sweetness, and the parlor windows stood open, that it might breathe refreshingly on the brow of poor Alice, who was yet an invalid. She had spent a sick winter, secluded from all society but her mother's. She had lain day after day, stretched out on the soft pillows in the parlor, reading or musing listlessly, with nothing of her old life or gaiety left in the sweet young face.

Cousin John had stayed there a month until all danger was past, and then betaken himself to New York, where business called him he said. There he had remained until now, when he was hourly expected by his aunt and cousin, for he had determined to stay with them a week or two before he sailed again for China.

There had been letters of a business nature between himself and aunt, and he had fully proven that his one idea was for his cousin's good, and that no selfish thought was in his mind the night he declared her a penniless girl.

A carriage-wheel in the street, a hasty ring at the door, and now Katey presents him in the parlor. Neither gaunt nor sallow now in appearance; he has been gaining in personal beauty, while his pretty cousin has been fading. What a gentle, pitying eye he bends upon her, and how lightly he touches with his lips the little white hand she gives him. Her hair is short and clusters around her pale face in little rings of curls, which he thinks bewitching; but what pleases him best of all, is the full, clear tone of her voice when she addresses him; such a tender, confiding voice, and such a trusting pair of eyes. Poor Aunt Bache is full of grateful happiness, and has evidently drilled herself severely to keep the past out of her conversation, although Mrs. Lindell, under the name of "that deep person," and her son, under the head of "deceptive appearances," will occasionally struggle into words despite her efforts to suppress them. She leaves them, to consult with Katey about tea, and as the door closes after her, Alice turns to her cousin:—

"John, dear, I know about those people being taken, tried and transported; I saw it in the papers last week, though I should not have recognized them, except by the name of the prosecuting firm in Liverpool. You know the name we knew them by was not mentioned."

John only looked down on the ground, and traced the pattern of the carpet. Alice looked at him a little time, and then said:—

"So she was really his wife, that woman. Oh, John, John, do you—can you forgive me?"

John said nothing, but he took the little hand that sought his, and kissed it again and again.

"John, are you going to China, really?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, almost in a whisper; "it is better that I should go; I have been idling here nearly a year, and I think work will do me good."

"Don't go, please. Oh, John, don't go! If you ask me why I beg you to stay, John, I'll tell you; it is because I love you. Don't look shocked at me. I have been bold in the wrong, pray forgive me now, if I am bold in the right. All winter long I have lain here grieving, not for what I have lost, but for what I might have gained—I should have had a true, innocent heart to give you, John, instead of the miserably blind one that caught at tinsel and forsook gold—but all I can say is, that beggarly and unworthy as I am, I humbly pray you to try and love me."

Aunt Bache came back to say that tea was waiting, and beg Cousin John to wheel out Alice's chair.

"Oh, I can walk easily now, mother," cried Alice, in a transport of smiles and tears. "See, John has given me his arm, and he promises me his hand, too."

John Bache, whatever his conduct to his cousin had been, behaved very disrespectfully to a lady of his aunt's age, he actually lifted her off her feet, and kissed her several times.

"You see she has had my heart so long, aunt," he exclaimed, "that she makes no earthly account of that."

"Ah, dear me," cried the tender-hearted lady, catching the infection of tears from Alice in a moment. "Do you mean to say that everything is so satisfactorily arranged in spite of the sad episode gone by, and that wretched deep creature and her deceptive progeny, that was really not related in that way at all, but quite the other thing, and yet we are to be so happy, that I must say thank God, from the bottom of my soul; and what's to become of China?"

"Oh, China will take care of itself, dear aunt; I was only going out as an exile, to get rid of memory, in a tea factory or something of the sort; and why," said Cousin John argumentatively, "why should I go abroad, when I can be transported at home?"

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 19, 1863.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Our Sewing-Machine Premium.

In answer to various letters, we would repeat that as to our clubs generally, they can be made up of either periodical, or of both, as suits the members. And, if the getter-up of a club for THE POST prefers the Magazine as a Premium, he can have it; while THE POST will be sent as a Premium for the Magazine clubs, if desired.

The Sewing-Machine Premium, it will be seen, applies to both periodicals; *as well as to mixed clubs made up of the magazine and the paper.* This is a splendid premium, and we are glad to see that numbers design availing themselves of it. These machines cannot be bought for less than the price we mention, FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

SENDING MONEY BY EXPRESS.

Occasionally our subscribers send their money to us by the various Express lines. This is the height of folly. For instance, six dollars that we recently received from Missouri, cost us fifty cents, in addition to fifty cents that the subscribers sending it had paid. The profit on our club prices is so small, that we cannot afford to receive money in this way. It is much better to risk the mails for small sums, and to obtain drafts (*made payable to our order*) for large amounts.

A lady in a western town, the other day, absolutely sent us a *draft* by Express—causing a needless loss of over a dollar. Every *man* knows, we hope, that a draft made payable to our order, will come to us by mail at a cost of three cents, just as surely and safely as if transmitted through the best Express line in the land. Please avoid the Express companies, when transmitting money.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Perhaps it will interest some of our readers to know that the editor of THE POST has now in press a volume of his poems, which will be issued in a short time.

The volume will be of the usual size of such works, will contain about 200 pages, and the paper and binding be of excellent quality.

It will be published by the widely-known firm of J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city. Any of our readers, however, who may desire copies, can have them forwarded by mail (postage paid) by inclosing the price ($1.25) to the publishers of the POST.

CLASSICAL STUDIES.

There has been considerable controversy in England, of late years, relative to the proper studies to be pursued at the schools and colleges. The languages of Greece and Rome have been until recently not only the principal, but almost the only studies pursued at the chief places of learning. Thus, even at Eton, which is called a "school," the study of the classics, as they are termed—meaning the principal Grecian and Roman authors—is pursued to an almost entire disregard of other studies.

Of late years, however, as we have said, there has been a strong recoil from this old-fashioned system of instruction. A number of intelligent men have called in question the utility of this absolute devotion to the ancient classics, and have asked whether a large portion of the time thus employed could not be more properly occupied with the study of the modern Classics, of History, Geography, the Mathematics, and of that great system of Natural Philosophy, which lies at the very root of all our Science and all our Art. They ask, with great force, whether the time that is employed in gaining comparatively unprofitable knowledge had not better be employed in gaining profitable knowledge—knowledge which would be of use in every year of after life. They urge that, as to the disciplining of the mind, it can be attained in the latter mode quite as effectually as in the former; while in the one case, something besides, and which is of the greatest practical value, is also attained.

Of course the old system is not lacking in defenders—what old system, however worthless, ever was? And the following, which we met with recently, is a fair sample of their arguments:—

You cannot have the same thinking and reasoning of the mind in the study of the Mathematics as in that of Latin and Greek, through the medium of Latin and Greek, where the boy's mind is kept constantly on the stretch by a nice gradation of difficulties from the lowest form to the highest in the school. A boy cannot construe a single sentence without that exercise of discrimination, and that reasoning in the application of rules, and that exercise of ingenuity in evolving the sense of the passage, which you would try in vain to draw forth with English studies, because English studies address themselves exclusively to the memory alone.

The best excuse for the young in English writing is Translation, because the translator cannot evade difficulties by modifying the idea to be expressed. He must extend his vocabulary to the measure of his author; whereas in any other kind of writing we are too apt to pare down our subject, or to select our topics according to the phraseology we possess to clothe them.

You must never forget that severe training of the mind to a life-long preference of accuracy and perfection in all he undertakes is the great point in your son's education. To win his way from the lower form of a large school to the top in competing with his fellows in one definite course of study is an achievement truly desirable, independently even of the value of the studies themselves. In a classical school there lies before one and all the "unknown land" of Greece and Rome, a domain, as it were, laboriously to conquer and to make their own. And experience proves that boys who have tried their powers and held their own in this youthful struggle have entered life with a degree of confidence in their own strength, and also with a high standard of accuracy, calculated to give them a great superiority over the pupils of any English schools where boys flitter away their time over a variety of subjects without the proud and conscious satisfaction of having done any one thing worth doing, and that one thing well. Parents generally think only of what knowledge is valuable for a man, and too often fail by trying to force the same upon a boy. A school is a place where you teach a boy to teach himself when a man. The matter taught is doomed to vanish, and to be replaced again and again to the end of life; but the manner in which it is taught is everything, conducing to habits exact or desultory, to aid or to obstruct us, to the end of our days.

History, properly so called, is unfit for children. Even at public schools a mere outline is all that is attempted. The philosophy of history, which alone is valuable in historical studies, belongs to a later age. Still, many stories and passages adding interest to times, names, and places, since others make a show of knowing them you may desire to teach; and these stories every clever child will read, and read *without effort*, other wise he had better not read them at all.

In the above, as our readers will perceive, it is coolly taken for granted that you cannot obtain the same discipline of mind in any other studies. But in the acquisition of the modern languages, and in the study of the French and German classics, precisely the same exercise of the faculties is required. And you have moreover a live language, instead of a dead one, as the result.

As to the assertion that experience proves that the boys who succeed in life in England, are those who have had a classical education, it is rather amusing when you consider that almost all the English boys who are educated at all, have such an education given them.

History, it seems to us, is eminently fit for children, instead of being "eminently unfit." And the facts of history, so far from being of no value, are of the highest value—as History has been well said to be "Philosophy teaching by example." And where would the "philosophy of history" be without the facts of history? The facts, it seems to us, are the only basis of the philosophy—alter the facts, and you must change your philosophy.

But with one more remark we have done. We think it settles the whole question. How were those great writers educated whose works not only have come down to the present age, but so domineer even now over the thoughts and imaginations of men, that a study of their merits is considered by a large number of scholars the one important thing? How did they ever become the men they were, without having devoted all of their youthful days to the study of some previous language and literature, as ancient to them as the Greek and Roman are now to us? With the exception of some slight draughts at the fountains of the old Egyptian learning, these men were men who learned in no ancient school. They looked at the world above and around and beneath them, and into their own minds and hearts, and drawing thus from the original sources of all truth, their words have endured for ages. It is a question with us, whether the study of the classics at the present day, is not a positive injury, instead of a partial benefit. Probably the ablest writers of the English language have generally been men who, like Shakspeare, "knew little Latin, and less Greek." That the study of the classics does not do even more harm than it does, is possibly owing to the fact that so much of it is the merest sham. Nine-tenths of those who say they are acquainted with the classics, do not know enough to hurt them. Boys simply waste their time over such studies, as a general thing. They either never learn their lessons, or they forget them in a week afterwards.

Of course, where a boy is designed for one of the learned professions, it is necessary that he should acquire sufficient knowledge to master its terms and phrases. This, however, will not require a great deal of time. In the case of a theological student, it is further advisable that he should learn to read the Scriptures in the original languages. Our remarks do not apply to such special cases, where a special talent is to be developed merely for the general education of the young. Certainly, if there was time to learn everything, and everything could be learned without impairing the natural vigor and originality of the mind, it would be well to learn everything. But, as things are, we must make a choice. And, for ourselves, we believe the works and literature of Him who is alike the Ancient of Days and the Ever Present God, as displayed all around us in the products of His hands, in the great natural forces, and in the eternal facts of History, are worthy of some more reverent treatment than that of being coldly pushed aside for the exclusive study of Grecian and Roman literature, even were that literature tenfold more wise and eloquent than is is.

ROSECRANS.—Why would not Gen. Rosecrans be a good man to head the Army of the Potomac? Ye powers that be, if you are determined to make a change, please take the matter into consideration.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IN WAR TIME AND OTHER POEMS. By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Another volume by one of the noblest and purest of American poets—one whose wild bugle-notes are ever softened and subdued by tones as sweet and fervent as those which flowed of old from the harp of David. For Whittier blends with his indignant protest against all that seems to him unfair and wrong, the tenderest spirit of charity and forgiveness. Few perceive more clearly how much even the best man lacks of what he should be; how all have sinned and fallen short of the glory of God. And this gives even to his fiercest denunciations an under-tone of brotherly love and kindness—as if, even when he is most personal, it was the wrong and not the wrong-doer, that excited his ire.

Coming back to the volume before us, we have about thirty poems—many of which have been suggested by the momentous circumstances of the time. The volume opens with "Thy Will be Done," and ends with a hymn of thanksgiving. We have not time or space to refer to all of the intervening poems, or even to all that we like particularly. "The Watchers" is perhaps one of the best—"Barbara Frietchie" and "The River Path" our readers have already seen. "Amy Wentworth" and "The Countess," especially the former, would be benefited, we judge, by explanatory notes; and if the story of "Amy Wentworth" were told at length, we think it would be an improvement. Did she marry her "Brown Viking of the fishing-smack?" "Do tell," as our New England friends say.

One of the best poems in the book is the following:

THE CRY OF A LOST SOUL.

[Lieut. Herndon's Report of the Exploration of the Amazon has a striking description of the peculiar and melancholy notes of a bird heard by night on the shores of the river. The Indian guides called it "The Cry of a lost Soul!"]

In that black forest, where, when day is done,
With a snake's stillness glides the Amazon
Darkly from sunset to the rising sun,

A cry, as of the pained heart of the wood,
The long, despairing moan of solitude
And darkness and the absence of all good,

Startles the traveller, with a sound so drear,
So full of hopeless agony and fear,
His heart stands still and listens like his ear.

The guide, as if he heard a dead-bell toll,
Starts, drops his oar against the gunwale's thole,
Crosses himself, and whispers, "A lost soul!"

"No, Senor, not a bird. I know it well,—
It is the pained soul of some infidel
Or cursed heretic that cries from hell.

"Poor fool! with hope still mocking his despair,
He wanders, shrieking on the midnight air
For human pity and for Christian prayer.

"Saints strike him dumb! Our Holy Mother hath
No prayer for him who, sinning unto death,
Burns always in the furnace of God's wrath!"

Thus to the baptized pagan's cruel lie,
Lending new horror to that mournful cry,
The voyager listens, making no reply.

Dim burns the boat-lamp: shadows deepen round,
From giant trees with snakelike creepers wound,
And the blackwater glides without a sound.

But in the traveller's heart a secret sense
Of nature plastic to benign intents,
And an eternal good in Providence,

Lifts to the starry calm of heaven his eyes;
And lo! rebuking all earth's ominous cries,
The Cross of pardon lights the tropic skies!

"Father of all!" he urges his strong plea,
"Thou lovest all: Thy erring child may be
Lost to himself, but never lost to Thee!

"All souls are Thine; the wings of morning bear
None from that Presence which is everywhere,
Nor hell itself can hide, for Thou art there.

"Through sins of sense, perversities of will,
Through doubt and pain, through guilt and shame and ill,
Thy pitying eye is on Thy creature still.

"Will thou not make, Eternal Source and God!
In Thy long years, life's broken circle whole,
And change to praise the cry of a lost soul?"

In conclusion, we commend the volume to all the numerous admirers of Whittier, as a book that it will not do for them to be without.

TRIFLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HATTY HAWTHORN.

PEOPLE TO AVOID.

Emerson, in his "Conduct of *Life*," bewails the insufficiency of the law in suppressing such every-day curses as "contradictors and railers at public and private tables, who, like terriers, do the honors of a house by barking a person out of sight; the overbold, who make their own invitation to your hearth; the persevering talker, who gives you his society—large saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves—a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus, who relies on you to find him ropes of sand to twist; the monotones; in short, every stripe of absurdity—these are social indictions a magistrate cannot cure or defend you from." Reading this, and thinking a little, one is forcibly led to consider the exceedingly limited number of offenders upon whom the law can take hold. It is really provoking that a man has to rob, murder, or assault with his fists, before he can be accommodated and cared for at the public expense, when so many other *feats*, quite as difficult to perform, and so effective in destroying hope and peace, are contemptuously overlooked, and allowed to be cultivated privately without premium. What policeman lays in wait to "nab" the person who, having nothing to do, hops in upon you who have, and sweetly bestows his inane emptiness for three mortal hours, while your remorseful soul is gnawed with the consciousness of neglected duty. Can your outraged intellect collar, and "give in charge" a bad punster; or where is that judicial court which will receive your complaint against a person who can't see the point. Which had you rather know intimately—supposing your trunks to have impregnable locks—an easy-mannered, well-bred thief, or a frightfully matter-of-fact person? The one might possibly make away with your pocket-handkerchief or even attack your brooch; but the other will cause you to wince in your immortal soul, and fill you with a desire to dash your mortal head against a hard substance. A fanciful friend of mine journeyed once with one of this hard-headed class, and arriving at a place of safety, immediately consulted a physician as to her own sanity, and the state of her heart and lungs, rightly fearing that in her terrible exhaustion she had fallen a prey to disease. Sir Walter Scott's wife is said to have answered her husband's exclamation, "What sweet innocent little creatures lambs are," by saying, "Yes, they are delightful with mint sauce." She was practical, as was the lady, who amid the foamy thunders of Niagara remarked, "Now that I think of it, shall we have those chickens roasted for dinner to-day?" But neither were so superior to circumstances as was the Abbé Fleury, who, for the sake of enjoying the society of a friend at dinner, conceded that part of a dish of salad should be dressed in butter to suit his taste; but who, on his guest suddenly falling dead from apoplexy, interrupted his terror and efforts at restoration, by remembering the sacrifice, and rushing to the kitchen stairway, "All in oil," he screamed for the benefit of his cook, "all in oil, the butter man's dead." This is dreadfully old, and dreadfully true; for people without any more soul than was positively necessary to make them accountable after death, have lived, and will live, as long as the laws of their country cannot lay hands on them; and there are no statutes touching the offences of people devoid of imagination, and those beset with literal understandings.

A NEW LAW.

Why cannot we have an enactment passed forcing people to be happy. It could be done by the exercise of proper authority. In one of "Hawthorne's Mosses from an old Manse," there is a description of a castle in the air, a lofty chamber of which is made brilliant by all the moonbeams that have fallen on waste places, where no man's eye ever rested. Entering here, one's heart is gladdened by the moments of happiness lost through our own folly, and all the joys we might have known had we willed it. Now, I have always believed that the greater part of this treasure of lost bliss belonged rightly to the tea tables of the generality, where it is expected that a stupid, gobbling silence shall be sustained, and that they shall "get through in time, and have the table cleared away." If there be one hour in the day auspicious to geniality and enjoyment, it is when the last bargain is made, the ledger is closed, and the day's labor smoothed out, folded up and laid away. Then should happy smiles, gay jests and cheerful stories chase away calculation, ill-temper, and stupidity, and the world at table should make merry in spite of an avenging angel appearing at the banquet, in the form of Bridget, with a kitchen towel over her arm, and a resentful glare in her eyes. Don't be swayed by the consideration, that "Katy O'Brien and a couple of boys is waitin' to go out wid her"—but laugh and wipe out the little lines that the hard pencil of to-day's experience has drawn about the corners of your mouth; say pleasant things and listen while others say them, and think of all you can that is agreeable. Don't let the man who couldn't pay up to-day get into your tea, or flavor your pancake; or answer at random because your heart is far away with those damaged goods, or those things that didn't sell well. I began by speaking of the sentiments of the laws touching public offenders, and I end by solemnly declaring it should be looked into. A man or woman unreasonably refusing to be happy, or what is much the same, agreeable, should be immediately put under arrest, and in case of a second offence, no bail be received.

"WISE AS AN OWL."

The old saying, "Wise as an owl"—the meaning whereof I have never till the present time, been able to see, as I always fancied those birds particularly stupid—has been verified by an instance of extreme sagacity shown by two owls; but I will relate the facts as they took place.

A gentleman living in a large and populous city was out shooting, and, for lack of better game, fired at an owl and brought it to the ground, with no further injury than a broken wing. Being fond of birds, he took the owl to his city house, and let it into a very small courtyard, which was surrounded by a high brick wall; here it had a pan of water and a dish well stocked with food, which seemed never to be eaten. Day after day passed, and still the bird would not eat anything, though it seemed to be in good health; in vain its keeper offered it mice and birds, both alive and dead; a week passed, and, to the astonishment of its owner, the owl was alive and well, but would eat nothing.

The kitchen windows looked into this court, and one day, when my friend was sitting in his study trying to solve the mystery of this bird being yet alive, his servant came into the room, and, with a face expressive of great wonder, told him that she had seen two wild owls bring food to their disabled relative, and leave him to eat it alone. My friend was decidedly incredulous, for he knew that some servants are gifted with a lively imagination; however, he determined to spend the next morning in the kitchen, that he might watch his new and strange pet. For once the maid was right; for during the morning two owls came into the courtyard, one bringing a mouse, and the other a bird, which they put down before the captive, waited till he showed his appreciation of the feast by seizing upon the bird, and then flew off to cater for themselves.

My friend was interested; satisfied, too, for now the mystery was solved: the owl did not go without food. Thinking the coming of these wild birds might be some strange chance, an accident perhaps, my friend watched the next day; but again they came, this time in the evening, before sunset indeed, but late, for it was summer. Being a naturalist, or rather wishing to be one, Mr. R—— turned a small room overlooking this court into his study, that he might watch the proceedings of his pet, who, every day for the next week, had food brought him by those two true "friends in need;" but at the end of that time he pined for liberty and the fresh country air, and was found dead one morning, which, however, did not surprise my friend, as the owl had drooped for two days before. On the day of its death it had been in the possession of Mr. R—— a fortnight, and during that time had eaten nothing that he had provided for it. I think it probable that those two old birds were the parents of the captive; but of one thing I am sure, the bird was not a very young one, and must have left the nest many months at least. The old birds came once to the yard after its death; then were not seen again.

Surely this is a wonderful example of the power birds and animals must possess of finding each other. Those owls must have flown many miles, and entered the city where they could never have been before; and if any reader has known a parallel case I should feel much gratified by their informing me of it. C. BALFOUR.

☞ Jones, since his marriage, has taken to talk slightingly of the holy estate. Brown was telling him of the death of a mutual friend's wife, whom the "disconsolate" had courted for twenty-eight years, and then married. She turned out to be a perfect virago, and died two years after the wedding. "There," said Jones, "there's luck! See what the fellow escaped by a long courtship!"

☞ There are many ways of going out of this world. One old gentleman in Keene, N. H., recently made his exit by stumbling head foremost into a post hole on a dark night. Unable to extricate himself, he was found dead at daylight.

☞ Show can easily be purchased; but happiness is always a home-made article.

☞ A gentleman, 75 years of age, residing in Rhode Island, recently lost his wife by death. A venerable lady, a neighbor, nearly five score years, was asked if she had called on her old friend since he had lost his wife. "Why," she answered in almost indignant surprise, "no, indeed! It would not look well for a widow like me to call on him now, as he is a widower."

☞ Do one thing at a time—that's the rule. When you have done slandering your neighbor, begin to say your prayers.

☞ A pure white deer was recently shot in Minnesota. It is a pure milk white, with pink eyes and hoofs, and has not a spot of any other color on its hide. It weighs seventy-five pounds, and is about a year old.

A NEW MAGAZINE, FOR THE LADIES.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE
OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION.

The subscribers would beg leave to call the attention of their friends and the public to the NEW MAGAZINE which they are about to issue, and the January number of which is nearly ready. The name will be

THE LADY'S FRIEND,

and it will be devoted to choice Literature and the illustration of the Fashions. It will also contain the latest patterns of Cloaks, Capes, Bonnets, Head Dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c., &c.; with Receipts, Music, and other matters interesting to ladies generally.

THE LADY'S FRIEND will be edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, who will rely upon the services in the Literary Department, of the following

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T. J. CHAMBERS,
BARBARA BRANDT,
and other talented writers.

HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING and a COLORED STEEL FASHION PLATE will illustrate every number; besides well executed Wood Cuts, illustrative of Stories, Patterns, &c., too numerous to mention. The January number will contain a beautiful Steel Engraving, *designed expressly for this Magazine by Schenck*, and called

GABRIEL WILKIE'S RETURN.

This handsome Steel Plate illustrates a story of love, war, and a broken engagement, by Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, and will be of itself, we trust, worth the price of the number.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE LADY'S FRIEND and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The Machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, with the exception of freight.

In procuring subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The Magazines will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their Magazines, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS.

Our terms will be the same as those for that well known weekly paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, published by us for the last *seventeen* years—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, where it is so desired—and will be as follows:

CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	12.00
20 copies, and one to getter-up of club,	28.00

One copy each of THE LADY'S FRIEND and SATURDAY EVENING POST, 3.00

☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND (postage paid by us) 20 cents.

☞ The matter in THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be different from that in THE POST.

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☞ HUMILITY IN THE CASE OF ROUGE.—We found, the other day, in an old and rare book we were running over, a mention of the first use of rouge, which, by this account, seems to have been somewhat perverted from its original purpose. It "was worn by the Roman Generals in their triumphs, *that they might seem to blush continually at their own praises!*"

PROSPECTUS FOR 1864.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

"The Oldest and Best of the Weeklies."

The Proprietors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—which paper is now in its *Forty-third Year!*—would simply announce in their Prospectus for 1864, that they design maintaining for their weekly the high character it has already acquired as

A FIRST CLASS LITERARY PAPER!

They have reason to believe that the stories of MRS. WOOD, author of "East Lynne," &c.; MISS BRADDON, author of "Eleanor's Victory," &c.; MARION HARLAND, author of "Alone," &c.; MISS VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND, and numerous other excellent writers, have been generally regarded as possessing the greatest merit and the most absorbing interest; and they design procuring for THE POST in the future as in the past, the best *Stories, Sketches*, and other *Literary Novelties* which they can possibly obtain. They intend commencing in the first paper in January,

A New Novel, by Mrs. Wood,

Author of "EAST LYNNE," &c.,

From advance sheets, expressly forwarded to us from England.

This Story will be called

"OSWALD GRAY,"

and will be about the length of "Verner's Pride" and "East Lynne."

In addition to the Stories written expressly for THE POST, its Editor also strives to lay before its readers, the best *Stories* from the English Periodicals. And gives, in addition to the Tales and Sketches, more or less Agricultural Matter, with a Riddle, Receipt, News, and Market Departments, every week.

A SEWING MACHINE GRATIS!

We will *give* to any person sending thirty subscriptions to THE POST and Sixty Dollars, one of WHEELER & WILSON'S CELEBRATED SEWING MACHINES, such as they sell for Forty-five Dollars. The machines will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

In procuring the subscribers for this Premium, we prefer that the thirty subscribers should be procured at the regular terms of Two Dollars for each, but where this cannot be done, they may be procured at our club rates, and the balance of the Sixty Dollars forwarded to us in cash by the person desiring the machine. *The papers will be sent to different Post-Offices, if desired.* Every person collecting names should send them with the money as fast as obtained, so that the subscribers may begin at once to receive their papers, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole number of names (thirty), and whole amount of money (Sixty Dollars), is received, the machine will be duly forwarded.

TERMS: CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 copy, one year,	$2.00
2 copies, one year,	3.00
4 copies, one year,	6.00
8 copies, (and one to getter-up of club,)	12.00
20 copies, (and one to getter-up of club,)	28.00
One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,	3.00

Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their papers.

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium may be either one or the other, as desired.

☞ The matter in the paper will always be different from that in the magazine.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST sent gratis. Address

DEACON & PETERSON,
NO. 319 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.

☞ Editors who insert the above, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be *entitled* to an exchange, by sending us a *marked* copy of the paper containing the advertisement or notice.

☞ A schoolmaster, while on his morning walk, passed by the door of a neighbor, who was excavating a log for a pig trough. "Why," said the schoolmaster, "Mr. ——, have you not furniture enough yet?" "Yes," said the man, "enough for my own family, but I expect to board the schoolmaster this winter, and am making preparations."

☞ A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner. Neither do uninterrupted successes qualify a man for usefulness or happiness. The storms of adversity, like the storms of the sea, arouse the faculties and incite the invention, prudence, skill and fortitude of the voyager.

☞ Nobody giving attention to Diogenes, while discoursing of virtue and philosophy, he fell to singing a funny song, and multitudes crowded to hear him. "Ye gods!" said he, "how much more is folly admired than wisdom!" Poor human nature!

☞ A New York baker made a loaf of bread eleven feet long, twenty-two inches wide and ten inches thick, as a Thanksgiving present for a charitable institution for children. It comprised a whole barrel of flour and weighed 290 pounds. The children considered it a "big thing."

Fearfully Astonishing Performance
BY A FEMALE.

The most curious exhibition at the great Paris circus is what the programme calls the "exercise of dislocation." The journal lets try to imitate it by twisting the French language into all sorts of complimentary shapes in describing it.

Imagine, says one of them, a slender female, a brunette, with flashing eyes, hollow cheeks, black tresses streaked with bluish tints, of that exotic upthrow which makes her a beauty somewhere, far away, under the tent or in the pagoda. She comes dancing and floating in a loose robe with red stripes. She throws herself down on a carpet spread out in the centre of the circus, and lo! she is not her elsewhere ourselves. She tears herself to pieces—unbuses herself—disposes her leg like a shoulder belt, over her back—she undoes like buckles the outer bones of her shoulders, and throws behind her back the cranial vault. The first element of all is the head; look for the almost prophetic, with which she accomplishes this frightful pantomime. It is not a thunderbolt at work; it is the convulsive devotion of some extravagant religious order, beating the rites of some great god, who demands of his worshipers an endless sacrifice. Her eyes supplicate, her features vibrate and her lips trace a distressing smile.

You are reminded of those Indian dancing girls who writhe before idols; of those Arabs, stuck through and through with polearms, and yet not in a position to withdraw—dancing on their heads before some pensive Shah, squat on piles of cushions, and exercising his bralded beard with a hand covered with rings.

Nor is this all. A glass case is brought forward which would scarcely hold a robe carefully folded. She leaps on the edges of the fragile casket, twists, dislocates herself, recommences her gestures and mysterious appeals; then, suddenly, you see the body articulated apparently sink down like a tissue of which the tie is unloosed, and fold itself up in a jumble at the bottom of the box. It is no longer a body, no longer a form, no longer something organic or articulated. It is a packet of limbs loose, scattered, unbound, between which vegetates a tuft of dead hairs like a handful of seaweed on the spongy segments of a mollusk, (or as Dr. Holmes says, "like seaweeds round a clam.")

You might believe that you see again that mysterious coffer of the Thousand and one Nights, drawn out from the depths of the Tigris by a fisherman, beneath the eyes of Haroun al Raschid, and in which the Caliph perceived with horror the body of a young woman, cut in pieces. Then, as quickly as she took herself to pieces, she puts herself together again, re-arranges herself, mends herself, and lifts herself up at once entire, like the puppet of a snuff-box with a secret spring. The name of this astounding acrobat is Mme. Poulmarche.

TEACHING GRAMMAR THROUGH FOREIGN LANGUAGES.—An English Tutor writes, and there is something perhaps in what he says:

"Never use any English grammar with a child. While a child learns French, he cannot fail to learn all such parts of English grammar as a child, or even any older person, will readily apply. Grammar is the analysis of language, and while you analyze or dissect the French you at the same time learn the structure of the English far better than if you studied English grammar alone. The reason is, that English is so familiar, you leap to conclusions, and can hardly make any step-by-step investigation into the principles of things which you appear already to understand without any rule at all. But grammar, not as a science, but as an art—that is, as a means of speaking grammatically—is best taught by the correction of errors which will naturally occur while learning French. Grammar is to speaking what Hoyle is to whist, or Phillidor to chess—quite as likely to puzzle as to direct, if we attempted to talk by rule instead of by habit or by imitation. We learn to speak grammatically by the ear. Grammar comes in as 'an accessory after the fact' to enable us to test or ascertain the correctness of our expressions."

HOW SOON WE FORGET.—A leaf is torn from the tree by a rude gale, and borne away to some desert spot to perish. Who misses it from among its fellows? Who is sad that it has gone? Thus it is with human life.

There are dear friends, perhaps, who are stricken with grief when a loved one is taken, and for many days the grave is watered with tears of anguish. But by and by the crystal fountain is drawn dry, the last drop oozes out, the stern gates of forgetfulness fold back upon the exhausted spring, and Time, the blessed healer of sorrow, walks over the closed sepulchre without waking a single echo by the footstep.

☞ Mr. Beecher, in his speech at Brooklyn, said:—"Nowhere else in this world is there so tender a conscience on the subject of war as in Great Britain—when she is not waging it herself. She has, I believe, only three wars on hand now—in China, Japan, and, I believe, in Australia—no matter where it is, it is somewhere; and the rest of her leisure she occupies with a profound regret and horror for this American war."

☞ The Hudson River Railroad Company own a monster horse, which they employ at Poughkeepsie. He stands twenty hands high.

☞ A lady in Richmond advertises in the Dispatch that she will sell a second-hand merino dress for $250.

☞ LOVE.—Love it has been said, flows downward. The love of parents for their children has always been far more powerful than that of children for their parents, and who among the sons of men ever loved God with a thousandth part of the love which God has manifested to us.

LATEST NEWS.

On the 29th ult., Col. Sharp's 45th Virginia regiment was surprised by Rebel cavalry in Lee county, Va., and Lieut.-Col. Stamp had his men in a church, but was surrounded and taken prisoner. Sharp, however, escaped to the mountains, and has since been captured in another place.

Our cavalry are pursuing the guerrilla rebels in southwestern Virginia. On the 5th Captain Everett recently had a fight on Mount Sterling, Knox county. The rebels, though in front, kept up a fight for twelve hours and then fled. Union loss, one killed and seven wounded. Rebel loss, the last accounts, were as Gladstone, in Wise county.

On the 9th and 10th inst., Colonel Toney with his 13th Cavalry, marching down the east side of the Cumberland mountains, had a fight with the rebels, numbering about 2,000 men, under General Scott, at Jamestown, Fentress county, Tenn. The rebels were defeated with a loss of 150 killed and wounded, and 200 prisoners. Our loss was 15 killed and 50 wounded.

General Foster telegraphs from Fortress Monroe that the rebel authorities refuse to permit any more exchanges of fresh prisoners to be sent to the prisoners in the Libby jail or at Belle Isle.

Major-General Washburne telegraphs from Cape Catoche, Mississippi, Red river, that the control of that bay gives us to realize the entire control of coastal and western Texas. On the 3d inst. the rebels blew up the magazine of Fort Esperanza on Matagorda Bay. It had a garrison of one thousand men, who all escaped but six. We captured subsequently ten guns, from twenty-four up to one hundred and twenty-eight pounders.

At midnight of the 12th instant the steamer Chesapeake, captured by rebel corsairs, left Shreveport, N. L., after shipping a crew and taking in coal. The authorities were appealed to to prevent her departure, but refused to do so on the ground that no affidavit had been made of the murder of the second mate. The steamer Chesapeake was last seen cruising among the islands near Chester, Illinois.

A report was circulated, Sunday morning, in Washington, that Stephens, and five other rebels, had come to Fortress Monroe, under a flag of truce, to present a plan for making peace between the North and South. This report has not been confirmed, and it is probable that if any commissioners come to Fortress Monroe, it was only in regard to the exchange of prisoners.

In the rebel Congress, on the 8th inst., Mr. Foote of Tennessee, denounced Jeff. Davis as a marplot, who did more injury than good to the confederate army by his visits. He accused their commissary general, Northrop, of having starved the Union prisoners, and of having placed the confederacy in a dishonorable position before the world.

The rebel Senate has passed a bill prohibiting the employment of substitutes in their army.

☞ There is a dentist in Russia, who gets his patients to pronounce his name, which instantaneously draws out the tooth that afflicts, carrying along with it two or three others.

☞ The best kind of persons to work the quartz rock of California are "*skinflints.*"

☞ If a pretty woman asks you what you will bet, answer that you will lay your head to hers.

☞ The Marquis of Westminster's income is £8,000, and that of the four leading Rothschilds £1,000 an hour! Precious hours, those.

☞ There is no danger of hard times among the shoemakers, because every shoe is *sold* before it can be got ready for the market.

☞ Punch has received a message from Mr. Hume, the celebrated medium, to the effect that much disturbance has been created in the spirit world, by Charon having resigned his office as ferryman. The startling fact was notified to Mr. Hume by the spirit of Aristophanes, who rapped out the following sentence, short, but full of meaning:—"Charon has cut his Styx."

☞ BRUSHING HAIR BY MACHINERY.—What next? The joke in a recent number of brushing one's hair by machinery, is really a fact, as such a machine is in operation in London, at a famous *friseur's.*

"That higher suffering which we dread,
A higher joy discloses;
Men saw the thorns on Jesus' brow,
But angels saw the roses."

☞ Arago sums up his inquiry as to the lightning, by saying that the most brilliant and extensive flashes which appear to embrace the whole extent of the visible horizon, have not a duration equal to the thousandth part of a second of time!

☞ A RED RAINBOW.—A curious and rare phenomenon was observed on the 25th of June last by Dr. Mohr, of Coblentz, in the shape of a completely red rainbow, formed by the rays of the setting sun. The exterior outline was well defined; but in the interior the color faded away toward the centre. The secondary bow, equally red, was observed only at intervals—the two were separated by the dark band observed on former occasions. Monochromatic rainbows are very rare.

☞ THE POETS.—Keats apostrophised a Grecian urn; Burns, a daisy; Holmes a steamboat; Barlow, hasty-pudding.

☞ Cotton is three and a half cents per pound in gold at Wilmington, and sixty-two in Bermuda.

☞ Cumpton keeps a nine-pin alley, and one day he was seen leaning up against the outside weeping as if his heart would break. "What's the matter?" inquired one of his friends who was passing. "Matter enough," he said, "I'm clean done over; my boy Charley is dead. I'm mighty misfortunate in babies. Just as quick as they get big enough to set up the pins they dies!" And poor Cumpton sobbed on.

☞ Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another's.

☞ He who gives up is soon given up; and to consider ourselves of no use is the almost certain way to become useless.

WAITING.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

I leaned out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
Now if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale—hush! Oh, sweet night-lingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hangs like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the water comes sweeter, comes clearer;
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms shine out and the pathway discover
To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Oh, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

Too deep for swift telling and yet my one lover
I've conned thee an answer, it waits thee to-night,
By the sycamore passed he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight,
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

A VILLAGE MYSTERY.

Did the reader, let loose for awhile from the din and smoke of a great city, ever pause, towards the close, say, of a summer day's march, to gaze from the hill-top he had just reached, at some picturesque little village lying below him? From the hearths of the houses scattered along "the street," and glowing in the red light of the setting sun, rises the curling smoke which tells of the gathering of the household for the evening meal; birds are carolling in the wood hard by, and over its trees rises the tower of the old church, around which, under the yew trees where laughing urchins climb for berries, slumber the quiet dead, who lay down to die scarce knowing of a wider world than their own little one. How calm and peaceful it looks, after the uproar he has left behind! Here surely, if anywhere, men must dwell together in good will, free from the strifes and rancors of cities. And thus he moralizes as long as his pipe lasts, and then, buckling on his knapsack again, descends the hill, and almost with regret passes through the little hamlet, and leaves it behind him. And yet, had he entered the inn, perched out by its long trough, and its swinging, creaking signboard, promising wonders to travelling man and beast, he might perhaps have learnt from the gossip of the cronies over their ale, how deceitful was this calm; he might have heard how the squire was going to "take the law" of the parson at the next assizes; and how Farmer This was at war with Farmer That, the only discoverable reason being that one of them had, years ago, kept back his wheat longer than the other, and had had, after all, to sell it at a lower price; and how from the squabbles of a little village, "Lawyer" Grabham earned a respectable income; how, in a word, the same evil passions would break out here as elsewhere, and perhaps even more often, from lack of the outlets for men's surplus energies which the life of towns affords.

Any chance stranger who happened to stumble on the little village of Oddingley in the summer of 1806, would certainly have been favorably impressed by it. There it lay, six miles from Worcester, out of the great roads, and shut in by its wood clad hills from the turmoil of the world. But its whole population, of some hundred and seventy souls, was divided into two parties which hated one another. The rector had been presented with the living in return for electioneering services rendered to a great man, and during the thirteen years he had now held it, disputes with his parishioners had been constant. Whose was the first wrong? Well, no doubt there were faults on both sides, for rectors are but men, and Mr. Parker does not seem to have shown the same aptitude for leading men to heaven, that he had displayed in driving them to the polling-booth. At all events, in 1806 he and a few dependents were ranged on one side, against the rest of the village on the other. At the head of the opposing faction was a Captain Evans, an old, choleric soldier, "full of strange oaths," who had served in the American war, and had come to this village to wear out the rest of his days in semi-idleness and on half-pay. Some four or five of the principal farmers about were his most zealous abettors. Matters had got gradually from bad to worse, till at last the dissidents, in order to cheat the parson of his dues, had his cows milked for another parish, so that he might avoid tithes, which were paid in kind; but he couldn't move his hedges, so the rector had them clipped, and claimed his tithe of the croppings. In his comments on this business, the captain made no secret of his opinion that there would be no more harm in shooting the parson than a mad dog, or a crow that flew in the air; more than this, he openly stated that a hundred pounds had been collected in the village, and would be paid "for a dead parson," while to tempt men to undertake the job, they were plied with drink, which they quaffed "to the death of the Oddingley Buonaparte" (with the *u*, and a full-sounding *e*, reader, when you will have what was a synonym at this time for Satan—or something worse). Mr. Parker was by no means unaware of the length to which the animosity of his parishioners had gone; he had already gained an action for assault brought against one of the chief disturbers of his peace, and he now declared that he would swear his life against them all, for he knew not what they wanted, unless it were his life; for two or three weeks past he had noticed a fellow hovering about his steps wherever he went, with what seemed a gun in a bag under his arm, and he calmly met the assurance of his servant that the skulker sought his life with—"Do you think he does, Joe?" And when on two different occasions little stones were, during the night, thrown up at his bedroom window, he prudently refrained from showing himself, more than suspecting what was in store for him outside.

The final act soon came. One June evening a shot was fired at him from a hedge bordering a meadow in which he happened to be. It took effect, he fell, crying "Murder!" on which the assassin made up to him, and beat him over the head with his gun. Two men passing at the time had heard the cries, and ran in their direction. They found the lifeless body of the clergyman, and his murderer standing by, pale and trembling.

"Villain!" they asked him, "do you know what you have done?"

"Nothing!" he answered, and throwing down a bag in which was part of a gun, broken by the violence of the blows he had dealt to his victim, made off, pursued by the two men, who, however, being strangers, and not knowing the ground, failed to come up with him, and, giving up the chase, returned to the body.

The murderer was not known to these two, who alone had seen him at his horrible work; but the description they gave of him tallied exactly with that of Heming, a wheelwright, and the very man whom the rector had noticed following him about. Heming's house was, therefore, immediately searched, but neither there nor elsewhere could he be found. Night put a stop to the search; the morrow brought the inquest, with the verdict of murder, and a reward of £100 was offered for the apprehension of Heming, with a free pardon to accomplices. Still no tidings of him. Day after day passed away thus, and it was reported that he had fled abroad, but it was generally believed that he still lay concealed somewhere in the neighborhood, and a woman even affirmed that, on the day after the murder, she had seen him leaving a wood near the village.

As the principal had eluded pursuit for the present, at all events, efforts were made to bring to justice those at whose instigation it was thought he had committed the crime; but though the state of affairs in Oddingley had been so notorious that people on hearing of the murder, exclaimed that "all Oddingley would swing for this;" and though offers had been made, openly enough, to several persons to undertake the murder of the rector, no sufficient grounds were discovered for any serious steps. In Heming's house had been found an account of his day-work up to within a fortnight of the murder, and the last fortnight of this time, during which it was notorious that he had done nothing but dog the rector, with a gun under his arm, was charged to Captain Evans—a grave presumption against him when taken in connection with other facts. He was indeed arrested, but was soon released, owing possibly to the zeal he had shown in the affair, since we find him a few days after the murder, collecting a subscription to increase the reward offered for Heming's apprehension. But whether justice was inactive or not, it was powerless against the whole parish, bound together by the tie of a common hatred; a few arrests were made and afterwards countermanded, without further steps being taken. Nor were other agencies more successful; in vain did the new clergyman, standing beside the tomb of his murdered predecessor, erected within the altar-rails, solemnly read the command to do no murder; back from the guilty flock came, unfalteringly, the responsive prayer, that their hearts might be inclined to keep the law; nor when he mounted the pulpit, and preached to them on the awfulness of the sin, did one repentant wretch avow his crime and pray for mercy.

Years rolled on. A letter had been received from America, which stated that Heming had been seen there, and which gave an account of the means by which he had escaped from England; but who could tell? The captain had been in America, and had perhaps found means to get this letter sent over. At all events, the wife of Heming still believed that her husband had been made away with, and in 1813, ten years after the murder, she induced the magistrates to order the search of a clover-rick which had been put up a few days after Mr. Parker's murder, and had not been disturbed since. The search brought nothing to light; the widow could give no ground for her suspicions, and the whole thing was beginning to assume a traditional aspect, when at last a discovery was made, which showed that the widow was right in her suspicions after all.

In January, 1830, twenty three years and more from the time of Mr. Parker's murder, a carpenter was employed in taking down an old barn on a farm which, in 1806, had been occupied by a farmer named Clewes. In the course of his work he was removing the earth near the foundation, when he came upon a pair of shoes and a carpenter's rule. Without proceeding any further, he at once gave information, and the earth about the spot was carefully searched. At the depth of two or three feet was found the complete skeleton of a man, who must have been considerably under the middle height. The upper and lower jaws, and the skull, had been beaten into many pieces, and the surgeon who examined the remains, declared that these injuries had preceded the burial of the body, and had in all probability been the cause of death. With the bones thus found were portions of a woollen waistcoat and of corduroy breeches, a whetstone, and a pocket-knife. Heming's widow now re-married, identified these objects as having belonged to her former husband; and no doubt could be entertained that here was evidence of a second murder committed on the assassin so long sought for in vain.

The lapse of a quarter of a century had loosened the old ties which had formerly bound the parish together, tongues were untied, and at the inquest which was held, all the evidence that could be collected was gone into minutely, with the object of discovering the accomplices of Heming. But the chief of them had before this been called to another tribunal to account for his share in the murder; four years previously Captain Evans had removed to Droitwich, and there he had died without confessing his guilt.

The inquiry lasted for five days. Before its termination, Clewes, the former occupant of the farm on which the skeleton had been found, was committed to prison. While here he stated that he was anxious to make a communication to the jury, and persisting in his design after he had been informed that his revelations might be used against him, he was heard. He said, that about seven o'clock in the morning, on the day after Mr. Parker's murder, George Bankes came down to him, saying that Heming was up at Captain Evans's, and that they did not know what to do with him. Clewes refused to let him come down to his house, and Bankes went away, saying that he was lurking about the meadows. About eleven o'clock Clewes went up to Oddingley, and Captain Evans then called him, and told him that Heming was lurking about his (Clewes's) farm, and that something must be done to get him off; he would try to get into Clewes's buildings during the day, and at night they could meet there and give him some money, and contrive some plan to get him out of the way. Clewes at last agreed to meet the Captain at eleven o'clock that night. He did so, and found with the Captain, James Taylor, a farrier (since dead), and a third man, whom he believed to be George Bankes. They had met at the door of Clewes's barn, which they now entered, the Captain calling softly:—

"Hollos, Heming, where beest?"

Heming answered from under a heap of straw, and Taylor and the Captain, who had pulled out a lantern, stepped up to the place where Heming was, and the Captain told him to get up—he had something for him. Heming, who seemed to have been lying on his back, then rose, and as he did so, Taylor hit him two or three blows over the head with a stick. Clewes declared that he protested, but the Captain said, "He has got enough;" and Taylor asked what was to be done with the body. It was a light night, and to avoid the risk of being seen, it was determined to bury the body in the barn. A place was found full of rat-holes; a little earth was shovelled out; the Captain called to Taylor to catch hold of him; the two dragged the body into the hole, and Taylor then covered it up. The whole thing was over in half an hour. The Captain promised Taylor another glass or two of brandy, enjoined Clewes, with oaths, not to "split," and the men then separated and went home. Clewes had afterwards received twenty-seven pounds, which was at first intended for Heming's passage-money, and the Captain told him that he should never want for five pounds, if he held his peace. He had bought a mare of the Captain, and had never been asked for payment, and a hundred pounds had been lent to him by a Mr. Barnett, a wealthy farmer, who was only second to the Captain in his hatred of the rector. Some days after the murder of Heming, several loads of marl were brought into the barn and spread over the floor. Clewes had refused to be bound by an oath not to give information, although the Captain reminded him, with a curious appreciation of his functions as J. P., that he himself could administer it, as he was a magistrate!

Clewes, Bankes and Barnett were put upon their trial at Worcester, in March, 1830. The verdict of the coroner's inquest on Heming was one of murder against Clewes and Bankes, while Barnett was found to have been an accessory before the fact. The grand jury had also found three bills of indictment; one charging Clewes alone with the murder of Heming, both as a principal and as an abettor; a second against all three prisoners, as accessories before the fact to the murder of Mr. Parker, alleged to have been committed by Heming; and a third against Clewes alone, as an accessory after the fact to the same murder, by harboring Heming. The indictments relative to the murder of Mr. Parker were, however, abandoned, on the ground that the principal had not been convicted, and Clewes was then arraigned for the murder of Heming. The jury, hopelessly bewildered by the maze of indictments, found him guilty as accessory after the fact, a finding that could not be received, as he was indicted as principal only. They again withdrew, and almost immediately acquitted him. The prosecution declined to offer any evidence on the coroner's inquisition, and the three prisoners who had been placed at the bar were then acquitted; and thus ended a case as remarkable for the crime brought to light, as for the singular complication caused by the circumstances of the double murder.

"PRETTY POLL."

How many thoughts will be awakened at sight of these words! Many persons who have lived in tropical climates will call to mind the varied and brilliant plumage of the different varieties of parrots that swept on gorgeous wings through the rich foliage of their native home, and those who have not seen them in their free condition will in memory turn to the Zoological Gardens, or to some favorite "pretty Polly" that has amused them by its odd voice and quaint sayings in days gone by.

It is almost unnecessary to say that parrots, in their wild state, give utterance to no sounds beyond the screeching discordant cry which is their proper language. It has been reserved for man to teach them to imitate other sounds, even those of the "human voice divine." The speaking parrots are generally the grey (which are said to speak best,) the green, and that variety called the cockatoo, which looks so elegant, with its snowy plumage and graceful-looking, canary-colored crest; those birds can be taught to speak, sing, and whistle very distinctly, and they soon begin to imitate other sounds for their own amusement.

I had at one time a large, green parrot, that spoke with the exact inflexions of the human voice; and so apt were its remarks, that frequently it seemed to answer questions as well as put them. The moment any person, especially a stranger, entered the room where she was, she inquired, "Who are you? who are you?" and would not desist until she got an answer; the next question being invariably, "What do you want?" which being responded to, her general reply was, "Go to pot!"—not a very elegant direction. One day I came into the room, and, not taking any notice of her, she as usual asked, "Who are you?" "Tom Thumb," I replied. "O—h!" said Poll, with quite a horrified intonation, as though she was shocked at having detected me in such a falsehood. If her cage was put in the balcony outside the window, her call of "Cab! cab wanted!" brought them sometimes from every direction, the drivers looking round in surprise, unable to discover who had called them so vociferously. We had a very ugly cock, and the moment this woman made her appearance, Poll commenced in a mocking tone, "Pretty cook! oh, pretty cook!" ending with peals of laughter, that it was almost impossible not to join in—the injured air of the irate cook adding to the ludicrousness of the scene. Poll's language to herself was most amusing. If she thought she was not noticed sufficiently, she would commence in a pathetic tone, "Ah, Polly, you dear bird, you poor, pretty bird; kiss the creature; kiss the poor bird;" then suddenly changing, she would cry out indignantly, "Oh, you naughty bird! dirty Poll, fie, fie; you bad bird; this bad bird wants sugar; come and kiss Polly, pretty Polly, pretty Polly Hopkins." At which point she generally sang this once popular song quite through, giving the time perfectly, but sometimes making most absurd breaks in the words; for instance, she would sing "Pretty, pretty Polly Hop," and then remain silent for awhile, or perhaps repeat "Hop" three or four times *sotto voce*, as if revolving in her mind, when "kins" would be jerked out, and the song proceeded with. If the servant was leaving the room, she always called after him, "Don't forget to shut the door." She imitated every sound of the children's voices accurately—every laugh and every cry; and, having made as much noise as she could by so doing, she would call out, "Go to bed, you noisy children, go to bed, and give us peace." Her greatest delight was to call the children or servants by name, imitating the voices of different members of the family; and on being answered, her laughter indicated how pleased she was at having deceived them. The cats came in for a share of the teasing propensities of Poll, who seemed to love to amuse herself at their expense; there were two of them, large tabbies, who rejoiced in the names of "Dr. Pusey" and "Uncle Tom." Poll would wait patiently until they seemed in a state of dreamy obliviousness of all sublunary things, stretched comfortably before the fire or basking in the sunshine, winking their great green eyes lazily, when a sudden call of "Pussy, Pussy, Dr. Pusey" would bring him running eagerly towards the cage; then "Uncle Tom, Uncle Tom," followed in the same tone (generally my sister's voice being the medium of deception used;) but as soon as they came quite close, a terrible bark sent them flying to the farthest corner of the room, where they would remain peeping fearfully from under a chair, until, as they thought, the coast was clear, while low chuckling laughs and loud whistles proclaimed Poll's intense appreciation of their terror. One day a gentleman dined with us who had a very strange habit of giving a short nervous kind of laugh between every few words. The parrot listened attentively for some time; at length she commenced, "Who are you? ha, ha, ha! Very nice indeed, ha, ha, ha! Give the bird some dinner; the creature's hungry, ha, ha, ha! naughty Polly, stop your noise, you stupid bird, ha, ha, ha, ha!" Here a prolonged whistle upset the gravity of every one at the table, its triumphant incantation showing that Poll was quite satisfied with her performance. The poor gentleman's confusion was pitiable; he seemed at first to imagine it was one of the children, and on its being explained to him that it was a parrot, he tried to laugh at the occurrence as a good joke, while Poll, who was in the act of being carried from the room in disgrace, imitated the doleful cackle to perfection. One morning the gardener was passing the dining-room window, which was open, Poll's cage being hidden by the curtain; immediately she called after him, "Come back, come back! the mistress wants you." The man turned, and stood at the hall-door for some time; at length he knocked, and sent in word he was waiting, when, to his great surprise, he was told he had not been called. He went away, evidently in doubt as to whether his senses had not played him a trick. I was one day called down to a visitor, who seemed in a very puzzled condition of mind when I entered the room. The parrot's cage had been put on a garden-seat just outside the window, and she quickly saw there was a stranger in the room, although the lady did not notice her propinquity. "How do you do?" said Poll, politely opening the conversation. "Very well, thank you," said the lady, looking round, and feeling rather uncomfortable on discovering herself to be alone in the room. Presently the question, "What do you want?" made her reply by giving my name; the reply to which was "Oh!" in a doubtful tone. The visitor was just about to ring the bell, and say she could not wait, when I entered the room, and, on hearing her account of her invisible interrogator, threw aside the curtain and showed her Mrs. Poll, with her head turned on one side, and her bright mischievous eye glancing towards the window, as if she was listening to the story and enjoying it. My eldest boy and Polly were sometimes on very bad terms; she seemed to know instinctively that boys do not like school, and every morning, the moment breakfast was over, she drew general attention to him, by calling out, "It is time to go to school; do go, you idle boy; do you hear, Jemmy? It's time to go to school;" and this she persisted in until some member of the family would say, "Indeed, yes, it is time to go to your lessons, Jemmy." Poor Poll sang and whistled many tunes perfectly, and was so much of a companion, that her death caused a general sorrow in the family, in the midst of which we were betrayed into smiles by the query of one of the little children, "Can't we get her stuffed, and put her on the top branch of the Christmas tree?"

A clergyman well known to my family, and who was celebrated for his penurious habits, (the handsomest present of game, fish, or fruit, never eliciting more than a silver fourpence as a present to the bearer, which was always ordered in the words. "Give the knave a groat"), was sent a present of a very fine parrot by his brother, a naval officer. This clergyman lived on the banks of a magnificent river, whose islands were famous as the resort of pic-nic parties; but whenever he had visitors he never took them to view any of its beauties, contenting himself with the speech, "If I could only arrange to take you on the river, I'd give ten pounds for a boat." One day by some mischance the parrot's cage was left open, and Poll, finding herself free, flew a long distance down the river, when, feeling tired, she perched on a rock in the centre of the stream, and commenced calling at the top of her voice, "Ten pounds for a boat," imitating Mr. M.'s frequent expression. Some boatmen rowing near heard the words, and though unable to see any one on the rock, went towards it, when they saw Polly, and at once recognized her, as they had often seen her when selling fish at the rectory. Knowing her to be a great favorite, they soon secured her, expecting to receive a liberal reward for bringing her home. Mr. M. was at dinner when they arrived, but ordered the boatman to come in, and on receiving the bird, asked him, "What am I to pay you for bringing her home?" "Oh, sir, I'll leave it to the parrot," said the man, expecting she would again say "Ten pounds for a boat;" but on being asked by her master, "Well, Polly, what shall I give him?" she promptly replied, "Give the knave a groat;" with which sum the man had to content himself, as it was his own proposition to take her reward.

I shall conclude by relating a story of a parrot, which I believe to be quite true, though I did not know the owners of the bird. Its master was very fond of pickled cockles, and kept a small quantity to be so prepared by the cook, telling her to be careful of them, as they were just then difficult to be got. Having pickled them, the cook put them into a jar, leaving it uncovered until the cockles should cool. The parrot's cage, which had been brought down to be cleaned, stood near the jar, and as soon as the cook left the kitchen, Poll mounted out and helped herself liberally to the cockles, scattering them about the floor, and in the bottom of her cage. On her return the cook perceived the empty condition of the jar, which was upset, and on discovering the thief, in the height of her rage she added a saucepan of boiling water, and flung part of its contents on poor Polly, crying out, "Ah! you've been at the pickled cockles, have you?" The poor bird's head was so much scalded that all the feathers dropped off, and for a long time she seemed in a very dismal state of mind, sitting silently with her head hanging down, unless when she gave utterance to low murmured sounds that no one could understand the meaning of. Her cage was placed in the drawing-room, and her mistress tried by every means to rouse Polly to her former lively condition, but quite failed in doing so, until one day a visitor was announced, and an old gentleman appeared, whose head was perfectly bald; the moment he entered the room Poll sprung into her ring, and, swinging herself vehemently to and fro, exclaimed in a most vivacious tone, "Hah! you've been at the pickled cockles, have you?" and from that time quite recovered her spirits, having, as she thought, discovered a fellow sufferer; which fact evidently reconciled her to her own denuded condition.

A HAPPY WOMAN.

What spectacle more pleasing does the world afford, than a happy woman contented in her sphere, ready at all times to benefit her little world by her exertions, and transforming the briers and thorns of life into roses of Paradise by the magic of her touch? There are those who are thus happy because they cannot help it—no misfortune dampen their sweet smiles, and they diffuse a cheerful glow around them as they pursue the even tenor of their way. They have the secret of contentment, whose value is above the philosopher's stone; for without seeking the baser exchange of gold, which may buy some sorts of pleasure, they convert everything they touch into joy. What their condition is makes no difference. They may be rich or poor, high or low, admired or forsaken by the fickle world; but the sparkling fountain of happiness bubbles up in their hearts, and makes them radiantly beautiful. They live in a log-cabin, they make it shine with a lustre which kings and queens may covet, and they make wealth a fountain of blessings to the children of poverty. Happy women are the highest types of humanity, and we cannot say how much we owe to them for the progress of the race.

EXPANDING THE LUNGS.—Step out into the purest air you can find; stand perfectly erect, with the head and shoulders back, and then fixing the lips as though you were going to whistle, draw the air, not through the nostrils, but through the lips, into the lungs. When the chest is about full, raise the arms, keeping them extended, with the palms of the hands down, as you suck in the air, so as to bring them over the head, just as the lungs are quite full. Then drop the thumbs inward, and after gently forcing the arms backward, and the chest open, reverse the process by which you draw your breath, till the lungs are entirely empty. This process should be repeated three or four times during the day. It is impossible to describe to one who has never tried it the glorious sense of vigor which follows the exercise. It is the best expectorant in the world. We know a gentleman, the measure of whose chest has been increased some three inches during as many months.

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more charming and touching than that of a young and tender bride in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a lovely girl in the tenderness of her years forsake the house of her father and the home of her childhood—and with the implicit confidence and the self-abandonment which belong to woman, give up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her in the old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better or worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, honor and obey, till death do us part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth:—"Whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."—*Washington Irving.*

☞ The moment a fly gets into your ink-stand he becomes an ink-wisher (inquisitor.) The author of the above atrocity has left for the sources of the Black Nile.

☞ Some of the Brahmins in India have as many as one hundred and thirty wives. This beats the Mormons out of sight.

"TWO LIVES."

I.

Two travellers telling, over parted,
By a deathless love between;—
Two travellers telling—broken-hearted—
Their work by each unseen.

II.

Two souls, whose star hath long been clouded,
Praying on separate shores;
Two barks, by love divine unshrouded,
Drift out as the ocean roars.

III.

Two travellers watching, ever parted,
For their love, on a far-off strand;
Two travellers, weeping, broken-hearted,
Have met in a far-off land.

* * * * * * *

IV.

Two graves in one holy sod—
Two throbbing hearts, now still;—
Two glorious spirits gone to God!
To bless His perfect will!

CLARE.

VILLAGE WEDDING IN SWEDEN.

I will endeavor to describe a village wedding in Sweden. It shall be in summer time, that there may be flowers; and in a southern province, that the bride may be fair. The early song of the lark and of chanticleer are mingling in the clear morning air, and the sun, the heavenly bridegroom with the yellow hair, arises in the South. In the yard there is a sound of voices, and trampling of hoofs, and horses are led forth and saddled. The steed that is to bear the bridegroom has a bunch of flowers on his forehead, and a garland of corn-flowers about his neck. Friends from the neighboring farms come riding in, their blue cloaks streaming in the wind; and finally the happy bridegroom with a whip in his hand, and a monstrous nosegay in the breast of his blue jacket, comes from his chamber; and then to horse, and away towards the village, where the bride already sits and waits.

Foremost rides the spokesman, followed by some half-dozen village musicians. Next comes the bridegroom between his two groomsmen, and then forty or fifty friends and wedding guests, half of them, perhaps, with pistols and guns in their hands. A kind of baggage wagon brings up the rear, laden with food and drink for these merry pilgrims. At the entrance of every village stands a triumphal arch, laden with flowers, and ribbons, and evergreens, and as they pass beneath it, the wedding guests fire a salute, and the whole procession stops, and straight from every pocket flies a black jack filled with punch or brandy. It is passed from hand to hand among the crowd; provisions are brought from the wagon, and after eating, and drinking, and hurraking, the procession moves forward again, and at length draws near the house of the bride. Four heralds ride forward to announce that a knight and his attendants are in the neighboring forest, and ask for hospitality.

"How many are you?" asks the bride's father.

"At least three hundred," is the answer, and to this the last replies:—

"Yes, were you seven times as many, you should all be welcome, and in token thereof receive this cup."

Whereupon each herald receives a can of ale; and soon after the whole jovial company come streaming into the farmer's-yard, and riding round the May-pole which stands in the centre, alight amid a grand salute and flourish of music.

In the hall stands the bride with a crown upon her head and a tear in her eye, like the Virgin Mary in old church paintings. She is dressed in a red boddice and kirtle, with loose linen sleeves. There is a girdle belt around her waist, and around her neck strings of golden beads and a golden chain. On the crown rests a wreath of wild roses, and below it another of cypress. Loose over her shoulders falls her flaxen hair, and her blue innocent eyes are fixed upon the ground.

"Oh, thou good soul! thou hast hard hands, but a soft heart! thou art poor, the very ornaments thou wearest are not thine; the blessings of heavens upon thee!"

So thinks the parish priest, as he joins together the hands of the bride and bridegroom, saying in a deep and solemn voice:—

"I give thee in marriage this damsel, to be thy wedded wife in all honor, to share the half of thy bed, thy lock and key, and every third penny which thou two may possess, or may inherit, all the rights which Uuland's laws provide and the holy king gives."

And the dinner is now served, and the bride sits between the bridegroom and the priest. The spokesman delivers an oration, after the ancient custom of the fathers. He interlards it well with quotations from the Bible, and invites the Saviour to be present, as at the marriage feast of Cana of Galilee. The table is not sparingly set forth. Each makes a long arm, and the feast goes cheerily on. Punch and brandy pass around between the courses, and here and there a pipe is smoked while waiting for the next dish. They sit long at table; but as all things must have an end, so must a Swedish dinner. Then the dance begins. It is led off by the bride and priest, who perform a solemn minuet together. Not until midnight comes the last dance. The girls form a circle round the bride to keep her from the hands of the married women, who endeavor to break through the magic circle, and seize their new sister. After a long struggle they succeed; and the crown is taken from her head, and the jewels from her neck, and her boddice is unlaced, and kirtle taken off; and like a vestal virgin, clad all in white, she goes, but it is to her bridal chamber, not to her grave; and the wedding guests follow her with lighted candles in their hands. And this is a village bridal.—*Longfellow.*

The Indian Method of Making Fire.

This curious method is described in the Franklin Institute Journal, by Mr. George Davidson, who has in his possession a pair of sticks used by the Indians on the North-west coast of the United States, which he has himself successfully employed. Each stick is 16 inches long, the thicker being 3 inches in circumference, and so cut that a section would give a rough ellipse with the diameter 1½ of an inch. The smaller stick is 1¼ inch in circumference. Both are crooked and whittled, so that a section shall give an irregular polygon. The smaller stick is of the same wood, but more compact in grain, and apparently of a slower growth. Both have been thoroughly roasted, and were carried carefully wrapped in skin, to prevent the absorption of moisture; accompanying them was carried a bunch of the inner bark of the cedar, picked very fine and dried. "To use them," says Mr. Davidson, "the larger has a circular hollow, less than one-eighth of an inch in depth, made on its broad side, near one end, and a narrow groove or channel cut from this to the side; the smaller stick has one end made very slightly rounding. The Indian squats, holds the larger stick upon the ground with his bare feet, and places under the groove a small bunch of the bark-fibre. The smaller stick is then held upright, the rounded end placed in the hollow of the larger stick, and, with both hands at top and the stick between them, he commences to rapidly revolve it by rubbing the hands upon each other backward and forward, at the same time exerting pressure downward, by which his hands gradually slip down; he dexterously—and this is the point of success—runs his hands to the top and repeates the previous operation. A fine, brown powder is soon produced by the attrition, and is carried along the side grove among the bark-fibre. This powder is finally ignited, and the burning transmitted along the groove to the bunch of bark-fibre, which is quickly seized by the operator and blown into a flame. With the sticks in my possession I have seen a flame produced in about a minute, and have frequently done so myself in three minutes." The Indians now use lucifer-matches, and the sticks are only used by Indians unacquainted with white men.

MARRIAGE VERSUS LUXURY.

It is a remarkable fact that, far-seeing as parents usually are in business matters, they blind themselves to the truth that young men, now-a-days, cannot afford to marry young girls who are portionless, helpless, and exacting. With every desire to enjoy the happiness of wedded life, a young man cannot marry, simply because he has not sufficient money to keep a wife who requires the greater portion of his earnings for her own personal wants. It must be remembered that, whilst the expensive tastes of the fair sex have been on the increase, the follies of the gentlemen have not declined. Life is equally expensive to them—necessarily, since woman's influence makes it so. But truth compels me to state that, as a rule, a young man is disposed to make more external sacrifices, for the pleasures of domestic life, than a young lady is. On his part, he is willing to give up his club, to leave off smoking—at least, to excess—to ride in omnibuses instead of hansoms, and to exchange his beverage of wine for bitter-beer. And what sacrifice can the young lady make? Alas! none. On the contrary, all the "adventitious luxuries" of a home must be added for her especial style, ease, and station. It cannot be helped, but it is, nevertheless, deplorable. Neither is it of any use to scold and reproach the poor girls; they are wasting their best years, and wearing out their good looks in the painful knowledge of the fact. Hundreds of them would willingly exchange their silks and furbelows for plain garments and a home of their own, if they only knew how to undertake its duties. They see happy homes, and hear of large families being maintained and supported in what they know to be the amount of superfluous expenses in their father's houses. Too often they shed bitter tears when these expenses are canvassed, and the reproaches which they bring. They urge a different mode of life, and even suggest that they may be allowed to go out as governesses—the only way in which a woman thinks she can earn a living—but the old cry of "loss of credit," and the bad appearance such a step would occasion, silences the appeal, and thwarts their good intention.

☞ It is stated that the Ironsides burns two tons of coal an hour when her machinery is in operation, or 48 tons a day, and 16,000 tons a year, which at a cost of ten dollars a ton, would only be $160,000 a year!

☞ A COSTLY DOOR.—The thirty-thousand dollar bronze door has been set up in the Capitol.

THE WHITE WOLF.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. WALKER MACBETH.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Duncon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"I came for vengeance," Vannoy said, in a tone of studied boldness, "and I need your aid."

"Have you not your usual assassins at Tremlays?"

"A truce!" interrupted Vannoy, "let us come to the facts. Would you gain five hundred thousand livres?"

"Five hundred thousand treacheries," cried a rude voice, and Yaume came forward.

"Father Toussaint, and you others, give no heed to what this rogue says. You know him. And besides, in the absence of our chief, you can decide nothing."

Father Toussaint shook his head impatiently.

"Friend Yaume," said he, "the chief is the chief; but we are something, and five hundred thousand livres are not found every day under a tree."

"But he lies," cried Yaume.

The Wolves broke in with a murmur of disapprobation. The sum bewitched them.

"Yaume," continued the old man, finding himself supported by the crowd, "nobody is more disposed than I am to obey our chief. But—"

"But you wish to brave the chance of disobeying him. Listen; I know that he would give his heart's best blood to see this man face to face, in our hands."

Vannoy trembled from head to foot.

"I will go in search of him. You must wait my return and his."

"It is impossible," cried Vannoy, putting his safety on a single chance. "All is lost, if in two hours I have not returned to Tremlays."

"Two hours are enough for me," said Yaume.

"The chief must be consulted," they murmured, on all sides.

"Go and bring him. But in two hours; else we will decide."

"It is necessary before I start," said Yaume, "that I know all that this man wishes."

"Right," said Vannoy. "The five hundred thousand livres are the product of the taxes of the bishopric of Del which the comptroller is sending to Paris. As to the man whom I wish to destroy, he is your enemy as much as mine; it is the new captain of the cavalry police.'

"Were he far worse than he is," said Toussaint with a grave tone, "you must not hope for the aid of the Wolves. We are no assassins."

"The Wolves," answered Vannoy, "will attack the money chest; theirs will be all the booty. My part will be to do the rest."

Old Toussaint was satisfied.

"That will do," said he. "Now, Yaume, be off."

Yaume put on his mask and disappeared on his mission. Vannoy sat down. They placed before him a glass of brandy, which he touched with his lips. "Two hours!" thought he with anguish; "and if this man comes, what will be my fate?" The Wolves returned to their drinking and smoking. As for Vannoy, he put his watch before him, and counted the minutes, one by one. From time to time, the voice of old Toussaint demanding explanations as to the plan of attack, interrupted his oppressive thoughts. Well it was for the lord of Tremlays, that Toussaint talked with him; if something had not drawn him from his fearful looking to the future, his fear would have killed him.

An hour passed; then an hour and a half; at last the hand of the watch indicated the entire lapse of the two hours. Vannoy indulged in a long and vigorous breath. He rose.

"My faith," said Toussaint, "Hervey de Vannoy is right. An honest man has nothing better than his word. We have pledged ours; and we are honest men. You may go. To-morrow, an hour after sunset, we will be at the place fixed on."

"Till to-morrow, then," said Vannoy, who went before his guides towards the entrance of the cavern.

They bandaged his eyes once more. A quarter of an hour after, he leapt joyously on his horse which was waiting for him beyond the underwood. The old major-domo won the wager, for it was Vannoy who had knocked so roughly at the outer gate. Entering, he threw himself, panting, into an arm-chair.

"He is ours!" he cried with a delirious joy. "I have staked my life. I have won. But I swear no one will ever see me yonder again."

"Master Allan," said Lapierre, "there is your crown! You have won the bet.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEFORE THE COMBAT.

Next day, the convoy of the tax-money set out from Rennes in the morning. It was escorted by the mounted police, at whose head rode Captain Didier, and by a company of foot soldiers. The crossing the country from Rennes to Tremlays was accomplished without any obstacle. Whilst the heavy carts, loaded with crowns of six livres a piece, were lumbering in the mud among the bogs of the forest, an attack would have been very easy; but no hostile nor suspicious figure showed itself on the route, and it was difficult for Jude, who followed the Captain, to conjecture twice or thrice, at the movement of the branches, whether it was a man that caused it, or some creature of the chase. The Wolves slept, or they did not wish to brave the muskets of the police soldiers. The march was very slow, and the sun was just sinking when they reached the forest trees of Tremlays Avenue.

"Sir," said Jude, bending towards the Captain's ear, "there is no use for me in the castle. What I seek for is not there; and I might run risks there that I may as well avoid."

"Why, my brave man," responded the Captain, "you dream of nothing but assassination since yesterday. To be sure, if all you have told me of this Vannoy be true, he is an infamous scoundrel, and without scruples; but I cannot believe—and after all what proof have you that this charcoal-maker lies not?"

"Pelo Rouan! He does not lie, sir; for his voice trembled, and I felt the sweat from his brow falling on my hand. He did not lie. And Dame Goton? And the absence of our little lord?"

"It may be you are right," said the Captain, "at all events, you are free; and if you have any friend in the forest, I permit you to throw yourself on his hospitality. To-morrow rejoin us at Vitry."

Before leaving, Jude drew near and added in a low voice:

"Forget not what refers to yourself, my young master. This Pelo Rouan has spoken of vengeance, and he looks like a man not to be trifled with."

Didier smiled, and made a gesture of careless daring.

"Good-bye, till to-morrow," was all his reply.

Jude took the first cross-road, and soon lost sight of the convoy. The sun had set only a few minutes, but it was already night under the sombre arches of the woods. The clearings alone showed their rushes, illumined by that glimmer which the evening twilight leaves on the zenith. Jude went on with slow steps, and bent head. He had given his horse to a soldier. The good equerry felt his courage abandon him as his hope grew weak. Why seek still, when one is sure not to find? He required to evoke the venerated remembrance of his old lord to keep up some energy in his wavering will. A danger to brave would have found him strong; if it had but been to die, he would have died with joy, for his trust in God was deep and lively, but here was nothing; neither peril to brave, nor death to grapple with.

He had not gone twenty steps in the direction of Rouan's hut, when a dull sound, distant as yet, but familiar to his ear as an old soldier, reached him. It was evidently the noise produced by the march of a numerous crowd, whose steps were half stifled on the mosses of the forest. Jude paused. It could not be the detachment of foot soldiers from Rennes, for the steps came from the side farthest from that town, and advanced more rapidly than is usual with a troop subjected to the rules of discipline. Jude was still asking himself what this meant, when the agitation of the thickets announced to him the near approach of this mysterious army. He had merely time to throw himself to one side under the covert. At the same instant, a band in close array, running without order, but with a low sound, broke into the path he had just quit. By the dubious light still left, he tried to count their numbers, but could not. The men passed in hundreds, and incessantly others following them came forth from the thickets. It was a strange sight, well fitted to inspire alarm; for none of these men showed his face under the last dying rays of the twilight. All had their faces covered by a mask of dark color; all, save one; who wore on the contrary, a mask white as snow, in the midst of which gleamed two eyes round and burning, like the eyes of a cat of the mountain. This man, who was of great stature, but of grotesque shape, marched behind. When he passed Jude, he was behind his companions not less than fifty paces, and the old equerry with astonishment saw him without apparent effort, make two or three bounds truly astonishing, which brought him up to them in a second or two.

Jude remained several minutes like a man in a trance. Where could these men, the Wolves manifestly, be going to, in such great numbers and armed to the teeth? He went on his journey, however, toward the dwelling of Pelo, which he found shut up. Knocking with all his force at the door, no one answered. "Strange," thought he, "this singular person, masked in white, had eyes similar to those which I saw shining here within the shades of this lodge. Open, comrade, to the equerry of Tremlay." No reply! only, from the other side of the lodge, other knocks were heard, as if to mock or imitate those he gave so liberally. He went round the cabin. A moonbeam, wandering across the branches of the trees, showed him a little window, closed by strong shutters, which were shaken by a hand trying to open them from within. As he was opening his mouth to repeat his request, one of the shutters, violently torn off, fell near him. At the same time the form of a young girl, whose exquisite proportions the moon showed dimly, mounted on the window sill, leaped to the feet of Jude with the lightness of a sylph, and remained for a moment on her knees, with her arms stretched to heaven.

"Blessed God, I thank Thee," murmured the young girl with ardent devotion. "If I save him I will be Thine for ever." Rising with a bound, she disappeared like a stag, under the thickets. She had not seen Jude.

After long thought, the slow mind of the old man at last understood.

"Didier; she loves him. Pelo Rouan detests him; she wishes to save him; he wishes to kill him. And the Wolves? In the name of Tremi, he shall have one there to defend him!"

He set off with great strides in the direction of Tremi. He seemed to have regained the agility of his youthful years, and pierced his way right forward through the closest thickets. At this moment for the first time he felt what power over the depths of his heart was wielded by his attachment to the young Captain. To this honest and faithful nature there needed a man to whom he might devote himself; the remembrance of Tremi was not sufficient to satisfy the eternal need of obeying and of loving, which constituted with Jude almost his whole moral being.

On arriving at the iron railing of Tremlays Park, Jude became more anxious than ever, for he perceived almost instinctively the presence of a great ambuscade all round the castle. He was undecided what to do; not daring to ring the bell. How could he get in? Luckily, whilst he hesitated, he saw the light of a lantern shining across the trees, and soon he distinguished the imposing figure of Dame Goton, a pipe in her mouth, and in her hand an immense bunch of keys; employed as was her wont in going round to see if all the doors were secured. Leaving the good woman to let Jude in, with all the mystery desirable, we change the scene a little, and claim a place at table in the dining hall of Mr. Hervey de Vannoy.

The supper was plentiful and well ordered; the wine excellent; the officer who commanded the police of Rennes was a most agreeable companion; Didier himself enjoyed the urgent hospitality of Vannoy. But one thing was wanting; the presence of Alice, detained in her room by the fever which had not left her all this time. Lapierre and Master Allan, with other servants, were in waiting. During the dessert, Didier, wishing for a glass of wine, held his glass up over his shoulder. It was Lapierre who poured in the wine. Vannoy and he exchanged a rapid glance. But at the moment when he was carrying the glass to his lips, Didier turned quickly, and looked Lapierre full in the face. The villain bore this look, unflinchingly, and remained with calm countenance behind his master's chair. Didier spilt the contents of his glass on the floor, and gave Lapierre an imperious sign to keep at a distance. Vannoy turned pale.

"Our wine of Guyenne is no favorite of yours, Captain Didier," he remarked, forcing a smile.

"Mr. de Vannoy," replied the Captain, with cold politeness, "please excuse me. Arrange it so that that man may not come near me. I have my reasons for speaking so, Mr. de Vannoy."

"Leave the room, Lapierre," said the Master of Tremlays. "Let my young friend choose which of my valets he prefers to wait on him. My major-domo, for example."

This was to fall from Charybdis into Scylla, for Lapierre, in going out, had given to the major-domo the decanter which he held in his hand. Didier bowed slightly in acquiescence; and held his glass to Master Allan, who filled it to the brim.

"To the King's health," cried the Master of Tremlays, rising. All the guests followed his example.

"To the King's health," said Didier, quaffing off the contents of the glass. An imperceptible smile came to Vannoy's lip. He gave Master Allan a sign, who threw out of the window the decanter that had served to fill Didier's glass. No one remarked this incident; the supper went on as if nothing had happened. In a few minutes, Didier suddenly ceased to take part in the conversation. An irresistible drowsiness overcame him. He dropped asleep.

"Rather strange manners," said Vannoy, "on our young friend's part this evening. However, we must take no notice of it, as he is an officer of the King's; nay, we will stretch things so far as to have him carried into his room in his chair, so as not to be disturbed in his dreams."

Two valets lifted the chair of Didier and bore him, sleeping all the time, to his sleeping apartment. The two laid him, sunk in sleep, on his bed, and withdrew.

An hour after, or thereabouts, a great noise arose around the castle. The doors were violently attacked and broken in, the more easily, as nobody came forward to defend them. By a singular fatality, the police and the soldiers found themselves shut up in a barn that was secured on the outside.

When the first sounds of this attack began, Vannoy was in his apartment with Master Allan, Lapierre, and two other valets, all armed.

"This is the time," said Vannoy, "he sleeps, and there are four of gone; the last mine him this time."

"I will charge myself with it," said Lapierre; "in truth, the young dog seems to give me a longing to kill him. Before he inquired me of him."

"A truce to words," interrupted Vannoy; "the Captain is going the Wolves to-night."

The four footmen must sleep the sleep which led to Didier's room. Lapierre went foremost; his naked sword in hand, and his poignard in his left. Master Allan came last.

"Attention!" said Lapierre, on arriving at the door, "I will strike first on this, which is not likely, you will back me."

He entered. A profound obscurity reigned in the chamber. Lapierre advanced softly; when he thought himself at the bedside, he raised his sword—another sword met his in the shade, and drove it aside. Lapierre recoiled astonished.

"Lift the lantern, Jacque," said he to one of the footmen.

The latter obeyed, and the four assassins saw, standing upright, before the bed of the sleeping Didier, a man of great stature, who presented the point of his naked sword. The major domo uttered a cry of surprise.

"Let us take care," he cried; "I know him now. It is Jude Lokar, the old equerry of Nicholas Tremi!"

CHAPTER XXX.

FOUR AGAINST ONE.

Jude had been let in, as we have said, by the old housekeeper, and had waited for his master on his camp bed, which he found in a corner of the chamber. He was greatly astonished when he saw him brought in sunk in sleep, borne by two valets; but he remained quiet, that he might not be seen. As soon as the valets left the room, he called his master in a low voice; but he, plunged in a leaden sleep, answered not. The wine given him by Master Allan was a powerful narcotic. This obstinate silence filled Jude's mind with dark apprehensions.

"It is strange! Can this be a dead body that these men have brought in?"

He rose softly and put his hand on the heart of the youth. It beat tranquilly.

"He sleeps; may God give him long and tranquil rest!"

A wish doomed to be granted much farther than the wisher desired.

When Jude regained his couch, the din of the attack resounded from all sides. He took his sword, and prepared for what event soever. At the end of some minutes, he heard a noise of steps in the corridor, and caught some words of the conversation of the four assassins.

"I must awaken him. Captain! Captain!"

He shook him roughly, but Didier remained inert and like one dead. The brave equerry, tired of the attempt, made up his mind, and placed himself before the bed.

"If it be Pelo Rouan," thought he, "I will adjure him by the name of Tremi; and besides, Pelo will not strike a sleeping man. But what if it is not Pelo?"

As a response to which interrogatory, Jude drew his sword and stood on his guard. The door opened, and gave entrance to Vannoy's footmen. In spite of his additional twenty years, Loker had not lost that robust and warlike appearance, which in the old times had made the debauchees of the Regent's court take care what they were about. On his visage reigned that profound calm, which on the part of a man face to face with danger, announces an indomitable determination. His look was heavy, almost apathetic, and every muscle kept a perfect immobility.

At the mere name of Jude, Lapierre had seen an alarming complication. The presence of the equerry of Tremi with the Captain, rendered more irrevocable, if possible, the doom of death that weighed on the latter; for this union had in it something providential, and gave a new force to the motives that Vannoy had for fearing Didier. The first movement of Lapierre was therefore to order an attack, but a glance at the firm and menacing attitude of his opponent kept back this order on his lip. He knew that Jude had formerly passed for the most valiant man at arms of the district of Rennes, and what he saw of him by no means detracted from his renown. Jude was alone, to be sure; but of the four footmen, two were valets taken to make up the number; the third, Master Allan, an old man, enfeebled by daily intoxication, was staggering even then in an advanced stage of drunkenness; the fourth, Lapierre himself, would have been, if driven to extremity, an adversary not to be despised; but fighting was not his forte; he never fought save as a last resource. Thus the opposed forces, though not an exact balance, were not altogether unequal. Lapierre lowered his sword.

"My comrade," said he to Jude, in a deliberate tone, "the venerable major-domo here alleges that he recognizes in you an old dependant of this house. I am very happy to make your acquaintance, therefore. Will you, if you please, let us pass, that we may do our duty?—Well, then, I am sorry to use violence."

The five swords clashed together. Master Allan fell on his knees uttering a heavy groan. He was not wounded, however, but he thought the floor the safest place. One

of the valets measured his length on the ground in a pool of blood. Lapierre and the second valet recoiled.

"Lift your lantern, James!" said Lapierre to his fellow.

The light fell straight on Jude's jacket. His blood flowed from three wounds. The assault had not been so fruitless as Lapierre had thought it at first.

"We have only to wait. He is ours. Do you hear, Jude? Lean back on the wall and stand on your guard. When this fellow falls, we will finish our business."

Jude viewed his situation with stoical courage. He felt himself grow weaker from minute to minute, his strength flowing away with his blood. Once, the noise made by the Wolves approached. Jude had a gleam of hope.

"Pole Rouan!" he shouted, "to the rescue."

He preferred a generous foe to these wretches, hired to assassinate.

"What!" cried Lapierre, "does the charcoal-man take in hand to protect the orphan? By good luck, he is too far off to hear; and when this brave fellow calls thus on the absent, it is a sign that his head gives way. He reels, I see!"

Jude grew pale and breathed hard.

"Awake, Captain!" he cried in a voice already growing feeble. "Awake!"

He put his hand on one of his wounds to stop the blood, but Lapierre, pitiless and eager to finish his work, pretended an attack, which forced him to stand on his guard.

"Awake, sir, awake!" cried Jude, again leaning on the bed posts.

Didier slept on. Jude, exhausted with loss of blood, slipped along the bed and fell.

"God has not designed me to die for Treml," murmured he, with a mournful regret.

"For whom then do you die, my brave knight?" cried Lapierre, laughing heartily. "Is it possible you do not know how matters stand? An excellent joke."

A wicked malice played on the lip of the mountebank as he spoke thus. He drew near Jude, who breathed with difficulty and stirred not.

"My comrade," said he to him, feeling his pulse, "you have still three minutes at least to live. Would you wish me to give you a history? Well, silence gives consent; I am sure you are eager to hear my story. Keep death off a little; this will amuse you. One evening, I was passing through the Forest of Rennes. I was a quack to my trade, and needed a child. Your pulse feels as if it would stop; a little patience, old Death! Across a ditch I saw a pretty little creature wrapt up in rabbit skins. I left the rabbit skins, but I carried off the child. This child grew up. By an accident he became page to the Count of Toulouse; then a gentleman of his chamber; then Captain in the mounted police. Do you understand?"

A slight and fugitive glow of red rose to the face of Jude, who nevertheless remained motionless and kept his eyes shut.

"Do you not understand?" Lapierre went on. "This will explain to you why I came here on the business of Hervey de Vannoy. The child I found in the forest is now named Captain Didier—his real name is—George Treml."

Scarcely had he pronounced this name when he uttered a cry of rage and of pain. An emotion of immeasurable joy filled the heart of Jude, and galvanized his frame into vigor. The good equerry, recovering life again for an instant at the adored name of his master's son, had seized by a last effort the throat of Lapierre, whom he drew down under him.

"Help!" cried the latter, hardly able to utter a word.

His companion ran forward, but not quickly enough. Jude had lifted his sword, which he plunged with all his force into the breast of Lapierre, then supporting himself with one hand by a bedpost, he received the shock of the last valet. Even in his dying hour, a redoubtable champion was Jude Loker. The valet, severely wounded, threw away his weapon and fled.

Jude dragged himself to the lantern, which half-extinguished and forgotten on the ground, threw its light feeble and intermittent on the results of this scene of carnage. He took it, rekindled the flame, and with the help of his hands, regained the bed, where Didier, still subdued by the narcotic, slept his lethargic sleep. It was with the greatest difficulty that this noble man, gathering together all the strength that remained to him, was able to raise himself up. He supported himself by one hand on the mattress; with the other he threw the flame of the lantern on the face of Didier.

The Captain lay on his back, in the position in which he had been placed by the footmen. He had not stirred since then. The light of the lamp fell direct on his firm and regular features.

Jude was dying; but his joy reached beyond enthusiasm. He gazed on Didier slumbering before him. An ecstatic delight illuminated his ample, honest face; whilst tears trickled slowly down his sunburnt cheeks.

"It is he," murmured he at last. "May God save and bless him. See the noble brow of Treml! If I had known it sooner."

He took Didier's hand; he bent over it, not able to lift it to his lip. At last he succeeded in kissing the hand of the sleeper with indescribable respect and affection. It was life's last effort; love's last victory; the hand fell; Jude sank on the side of the couch. His soul had fled to the God of love and truth.

At the moment when this occurred, the door opened; a vivid light broke into the chamber. Alice de Vannoy entered.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ALICE AND MARIE.

Miss de Vannoy was pale; her beautiful face retained the traces of cruel suffering. Her eyes had that look, sad and fixed, which the burning excitement of fever leaves after it. At the moment when the master of Tremlays had given the signal to his four footmen, she was lying on her bed sleeping painfully. Around her were her aunt, Renee, and another maid servant. The din of the attack aroused Alice, and struck with terror the three others. Miss Olive disappeared at the first gun-shot; the two maids fled; Alice remained alone.

Her sleep, short and broken though it had been, had calmed her a little. The noise of the attack, agitating her enfeebled brain, caused some vague thoughts of late events to rise to her recollection, as a shock given to a fountain of water makes objects submerged rise to the surface. She recollected her conversation with Lapierre, and the mortal grief that had tortured her soul. She pronounced the name of her father, then the name of Didier. She rose slowly, threw over her shoulders a white shawl, took a light and left the room.

There was no one to detain her. In the corridor she met several Wolves, who, masters of the castle, were treating it as a conquered country; but they fled at the sight of this pale figure, which at a distance, looked as if shrouded in a winding sheet. They took her for a phantom, and had no mind to bar her passage. She took the direction of Didier's chamber. It could not be said that she was in a state of somnambulism. She was wide awake; but her intelligence was surrounded by an obscure medium; her thinking was like dreaming. When she opened the Captain's door, alone, in the midst of the night, the idea never struck her that this might be a condemnable act, or a breach of the laws of feminine propriety. In spite of the half-darkness in which her soul was plunged, she knew that between her and Didier existed an obstacle that could not be removed; an abyss made more profound by the crushing insinuations of Lapierre. She came to the aid of a man whom she loved with a passion, grave, incurable, but devoid of hope; by a tenderness instinctively prophetic, rather than through any chain of logical reasoning, she felt that Didier was threatened, and she came.

The scene which it has taken us in the preceding chapter so long to recount, had not in fact occupied more than a few minutes; and when Alice arrived at the threshold of Didier's room, the combat had just come to an end. She entered, pronouncing involuntarily, and perhaps, without knowing it, the name that was continually in the depth of her heart. She put her light on the table and sat down at the foot of the bed. Her gaze wandered into the obscurity of the corridor, across the door half ajar. The fever returned, throwing a veil still thicker over her spirit.

"Why sleep these men so still on the floor?" said she. "Happy they who have power to sleep. For my part, I suffer, even in my dreams!"

She placed her hand on her brow, and her pale lips began to smile.

"Didier!" she murmured. "Do you remember those marvellous balls of my lord of Toulouse? We two danced together always. And that other ball—you cannot have forgotten it—at my father's?" She interrupted herself, and shuddered from head to foot. "All the night we gave up our hearts to a foolish joy. But in the morning, when you went out to the streets!—They lie, Didier, they lie; it was not my father who directed against you the assassin's arm!"

"Didier, my Didier!" cried a voice in the court-yard, under the widow.

"Didier!" repeated Miss de Vannoy, making an effort to rise again her fugitive thought. "Yes, I have come for him; where is he?" She threw her looks round the room and perceived the Captain slumbering near her. This sight seemed suddenly to brighten her intelligence. "I remember," said she, "I remember. There were in the words of that wretched valet a terrible menace. The assassins will come, perhaps." She turned her eyes with alarm towards the door, and perceived on the floor the three whom she had thought asleep. At the same time the smell of blood smote on her sense. "They have come," she cried; "is he wounded? God be praised! his sleep is tranquil. But who then has been able to defend him?" She took the light and approached successively the three dead bodies. She recognized Lapierre, who retained in death, his cynical and careless smile. The other valet also she remembered. The third visage, Jude's, was strange to her. She thought a moment in silence; then bending suddenly, she imprinted a kiss on his forehead. "May God receive and welcome his soul," murmured she, with a passionate gratitude. "He has died defending him. Every morning, every evening, were I to live twenty years, I will offer up thanks to God for sending this protector hither. Three against one; perhaps more. Brave servant then best beam."

She rose and returned to Didier. "I will remain here till he awakes. They will not dare to kill him before me."

The Wolves, meanwhile, continued to traverse the castle; some drinking; some making havoc. The din of their pillage and of their orgies came by fits and starts along the corridors. When the tumult ceased, Alice heard, without regarding it much, the sobs of a female in the court. Amid these sobs, she thought she distinguished a second time, the name of Didier, and her ear was aroused.

"He does not hear me," said a voice in hopelessness. "He does not recognise my song. Didier! It is I." Then she sang among her tears—

"She sought in her sorrow
The fortress drear,
Where the English had prison'd
Him she held dear."

Alice hastened to the window. The voice continued:

"She came by night, all sad and alone,
Where the shade of that sombre tower was thrown;
And thus she spake neath that pitiless wall:
Oh, Arthur, to me my dearest of all!"

"Marie, it is Marie," said Alice, whose heart beat wildly; "it is Marie; who loves him too, and who is loved. It is Marie, who has the right to be here in my place, and who comes to drive me from it.

"Didier! My Didier!" cried the weary voice.

Alice opened the window.

"Marie!" she cried.

Poor Broom-Blossom had let herself fall on the cold stone. Quickly she rose and recognized at the lighted window the pale features of Miss de Vannoy.

"Have you seen him?" demanded she.

"He is here!" replied Alice, turning towards the bed.

The room of Didier was on the first story. The window which opened on the court was hemmed in by strong vine-branches that descended tortuously to the ground. Broom-Blossom darted towards these, light as a bird. In an instant she leaped into the Captain's room.

"Where is he? where is he?" cried she. Alice pointed him out. Broom-Blossom threw herself on her knees by his pillow.

"How much I suffered!" said she, "I feared I would be too late. Thanks, lady! thanks, dear Alice. He sleeps; he knows not his life is in danger."

"And how did you know it, Marie?" demanded Miss de Vannoy, who thought of her father, and was afraid.

"How did I know it? Do I not know all that relates to him? But see how beautiful he is!"

The eyes of the two young girls gazed fondly at the same time on the sleeper's face. But speedily Marie went on to explain how she was there.

"My father detests the Captain, as a Frenchman, and because I love him. My father has said to me: 'I will not strike him, but I will let him be struck!' He said so yesterday in our cottage. I threw myself at his knees; I besought him, weeping, to let me save him. He shut me up in my room. Look at my hands; they bleed still; I tore them in breaking off the shutters of my window, to get out and run here. Thank God, I find him safe, and you watching over him like a good angel."

As she said this, her eyes fell on the three who lay dead in the apartment; she uttered a cry of terror.

"Two of these men," said Miss de Vannoy, "were assassins. I know them. The third, whom I know not, had a generous heart and a valiant arm. Would to Heaven he lived still; for Didier is not yet out of danger. This strange sleep of his frightens me. He must have been drugged with some narcotic drink. See; all this noise—all the struggle around him in this room, has not awakened him. Let us take some measures to get him away from here, to a place of safety. But first let me give him back his own." She then put round his neck the copper medal that Lapierre had taken from him. "I know not what value he may attach to it. But now to our work."

The blanket that was under him these two lifted him in, though they bent under the weight, and bore him on through the corridor; traversing without interruption the dark galleries, and arriving at the court-yard, where they laid down their burden and stopped to breathe.

"What is that object yonder?" asked Miss de Vannoy.

"It is a horse. Whilst I was in the court-yard, one of your father's valets left him here."

"We do not need to go to the stables then," said Alice. "One effort more, and he is off."

They took up their burden again; succeeded, though with great difficulty, in placing the Captain on the horse; then Marie mounted, and held him up in her arms. The steed set off immediately. Alice sunk down on the stone-bench near her; her strength, fictitious, and the result of an heroic will, died away; she became what she was an hour before, broken down by fever; incapable of motion.

Meanwhile Master Allan, sobered by the apparition of his master's daughter, on whose entry he had slipped out of Didier's room, had hastened to give Vannoy an account of the failure of the nocturnal attack on Didier. He found it difficult to discover Vannoy, who had left his apartment at the first outburst of the onslaught on the castle; had made an attendant saddle his horse—the one on which Marie was now bearing Didier through the forest—thus, confident in the success of the perfidious measures he had taken to reduce the King's men to helplessness, he went to meet the Wolves, whom he conducted to the shed where the wagons loaded with money were placed. This done, he intended to mount his horse, and make for Rennes. His plan, extremely simple, was yet eminently skilful. Didier, assassinated during the attack by Vannoy's dependants, would naturally be supposed to have fallen while defending the public money under his charge; the Wolves would alone be blamed, and Vannoy, the first to arrive at Rennes with the news, would be among the most sincere mourners for the death of a young officer of such high promise. Vannoy's sole anxiety was to put as soon as possible a couple of leagues between himself and his new friends, the Wolves, whose disposition towards himself he had much reason to suspect.

After having for two hours made vain efforts to elude the surveillance of these dangerous companions, he had at length stolen off, and had groped his way to the door of the court in search of his horse, when Master Allan and he ran against each other in the dark. By the first words of the major-domo he was struck as with lightning. Didier lived. "How, miserable cowards!" cried he, "were you not able? I swear that this wretch, Lapierre—"

"He is dead," interrupted Allan.

"Dead! Has this demon of a Captain awakened?"

"No, but his valet, whom yesterday I could not recognize, was Jude Leker, the old equerry of Treml."

"Jude Leker!—then George Treml knows all! and he lives."

"It is not my fault," replied Master Allan; "Leker was slain by our people; I was left alone with this Didier, or George, who slept like a stock; at the very instant when I was on the point of dispatching him, I saw a person—"

"Who?" interrupted Vannoy again, shaking the old man; "who could hinder you?"

"Miss de Vannoy, your daughter."

Hervey staggered like a drunken man.

"You lie! my daughter is in bed. But, though I have to strike the blow with my own hand, I will not lose this opportunity, purchased at the risk of my life!"

He threw Allan aside and hastened to Didier's room. He got there not five minutes after Alice and Marie left. Miss de Vannoy's light was still burning on the table; the bed was empty.

"Escaped!" murmured Vannoy; "and my daughter has been here."

The words were still on his lips when an arm of iron seized him. Vannoy looked up and saw standing before him that strange man with the white mask who closed the march of the Wolves in the forest. Vannoy would have spoken to him, but the White Wolf shut his mouth with an imperious gesture and advanced with slow steps into the chamber.

"Always blood where you are, Mr. de Vannoy," said a low and menacing voice. He took the light and examined the three dead bodies. When he recognised Jude, a quiver of grief passed over the muscles of his face. "He had promised to defend him, and he has done so! There is now but one to serve the living Treml, or to cherish his memory if dead."

"I have given you," said Vannoy, who had regained some composure, "five hundred thousand livres in good money; the least you can do is to let me go about my affairs. Let me pass, if it please you, my friend."

The White Wolf shook off his preoccupation, and gazed on Hervey face to face. Then he turned towards the open door and gave a sign. Five or six armed men threw themselves into the chamber. "To the Dan!" cried he.

Vannoy felt himself lifted from the ground, while a large hand was laid on his mouth to prevent his crying. Some minutes after, extended on a litter, which was borne by four men, among whom he recognized two of his own valets, Yron and Corentin, in masks, Vannoy was journeying in the direction of the Wolf-Den.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ SPANISH PROVERBS.—Since I wronged you, I have never liked you.

The day I did not sweep the house, there came to it one I did not expect.

Never speak of a rope in the house of a man that was hanged.

If you want to beat a dog, say he ate your iron.

The gallows was made for the unlucky.

To be a merchant, the art consists more in getting paid than in making sales.

☞ We do not die wholly at our death, when we die of old age; we have mouldered away long before. Faculty after faculty, interest after interest, attachment after attachment disappear; we are almost torn from ourselves while living; year after year sees us no longer the same, and death only consigns the last fragment of what we were to the grave.

ABSURDITIES OF LIFE.

[We take from a London paper the following letter from a young lady in England to her friend in Canada. Such a rule of society as that alluded to, is above all expression nonsensical, and is not far from being positively wicked. We do not think any such rule obtains anywhere on this side of the ocean.—*Bal. Sat. Ev. Post.*]

Yes, I am still Miss M——, and still am engaged to Mr. S——, but I think—it is very wicked of me to be afraid of placing all confidence in you in writing as I should do in conversation if we were together—but I scarcely know how to tell you what I think, or why I am still unmarried. I know I ought not to feel afraid, and I want your advice, so I shall tell you, but you must not mention it to anybody, not even to your dear John. Well, then, my dear Amy, I think Mr. S—— will grow weary of waiting, and that the longer I live the less chance there is of my being married at all.

You will remember that I had four sisters all older than myself. Well, only one of them is married, and mamma and papa both declare that till Emily and Laura and Emma are married *I cannot be*. My married sister Marian says it is a great shame, and has tried to reason with them, but it has no effect, and Frank has had two or three very stormy interviews with papa, all of which have ended in nothing, but a coldness between them which keeps Frank away from the house. He is a dear, patient, good fellow, and he loves me very much, and we might be very happy if they would let us. He has got on in his profession, and has a very respectable practice now. I know he proved to papa that his income was above the prohibitory £300 per annum a great deal. Pa says that isn't it. He is quite willing to accept him for a son-in-law, but society demands that he shall not begin by marrying his youngest daughter first. I hate society. I am always hearing about it. And, after all, what society do we keep? As good as any there is in the town; but then you know, dear, it is but a provincial town, and the only person of aristocratic pretensions is the vicar of St. P——, who is related to a bishop, who is the brother of a nobleman, but I never could understand what the relationship was. I forget what the girl's name was, but you will remember, for we read the book together at school, who said that Africa was a beast; well, I think "society" is a great deal worse than that.

I am sure you know that I would not say a word that wasn't amiable about my sisters. I believe they would like me to be married, only they dare not say so; but I am sure if I am to wait till it comes to *my turn*, I shall never write "Mrs." before my name, and Frank will get another wife, Emily is not engaged at all; of course, I mustn't mention ages, not even to you, excepting my own, which is twenty-four. You can easily make out the rest though, because you know there are two sisters and a brother between her and me. Now, isn't my case utterly hopeless? Laura is engaged, and Emmy—you knew Emmy; she is a lovely, clever woman, but rather *a blue*, corresponds with a gentleman who edits a newspaper; but there's no engagement that anybody could ever make out.

What am I to do? I feel desperate sometimes, and Frank declares he'll sell his practice and go to Australia or New Zealand, and never come back. I try to pacify him, but lately it has been a hard task, and he has said some hard things about papa. We never had but one quarrel with Frank—of course we have had "lovers' tiffs," like every other couple of doves—and that was because I was cross when he proposed that we should be married last Michaelmas without my father's consent. I said "I wouldn't hear of such a thing." He said "I didn't love him." I said, "Very well"—for I was really angry at his proposition—and we parted, not friends. After two days of misery he sent me a letter begging my forgiveness, and saying it was all his fault. I've cleared the privilege of our sex though, and flatly contradicted him on that point. So now we are going on just as usual. What will be the end I don't know, but I do know that I am very, very unhappy.

Did you ever know that, having a suitable offer, it was a rule "in society" not to let a woman of twenty-four marry because she had elder sisters unmarried! I am ashamed to have written such a doleful letter all about myself; but, as I said, I can't help it, dear Amy. Write again soon to yours, ever

THE YOUNGEST OF FIVE DAUGHTERS.

* * * * * *

There are, one would think, enough barriers in the way of maidens marrying without this absurd and unnatural one. Is this a solitary instance? My knowledge of society bids me declare not. What would you do, fair reader, if the position were yours? I should remember my copy-book maxim, "Circumstances alter cases," and that it is very often quite wise, right and justifiable to do a little wrong to do a great right.

JOHN D. CARTWRIGHT.

ATTENDING ANGELS.

There are two angels which attend unseen
Each one of us, and in great books record
Our good and evil deeds. He who writes down
The good ones, after every action closes
His volume, and ascends with it to God.
The other keeps his dreadful day-book open
Till sunset, that we may repent; which doing,
The record of the action fades away,
And leaves a line of white across the page.

—*Longfellow.*

☞ "Mr. Thingumbobski," said a Yankee to a Russian neighbor at table, endeavoring to be intelligible, "thank you for the pepperdorff."

☞ Napoleon is going to smoke out the Mexican guerrillas. Mighty poor smoking. They are only "half Spanish."

☞ It is stated that a large number of cargoes of bituminous coal have been contracted for in the British Provinces and England, and will soon arrive at Boston.

☞ A Canadian youth of fourteen winters and a cash income of $4 per month, has married a damsel of the mature age of twelve. Canada is getting precocious.

☞ It is said that Commodore Dupont's individual share of prize money, while he was on the Charleston coast, amounted to about $200,000.

FRUIT.

The rind of fruit is indigestible. This is true of all fruit, without exception, and includes also the pellicle or skin of berries and nuts of all kinds. The edible part of fruit is particularly delicate, and liable to rapid decomposition if exposed to the atmosphere; it is, therefore, a provision of nature to place a strong and impervious coating over it, as a protection against moisture, and to prevent insect enemies from destroying the seed within. The skin of all the plum tribe is wonderfully strong, compared with its substance, and resists the action of water and many solvents in a remarkable manner. If not thoroughly masticated before taken into the stomach, the skin of plums is rarely if ever dissolved by the gastric juices. In some cases pieces of it adhere to the coats of the stomach, the same way as wet paper clings to anything, causing sickness and other inconveniences. Dried raisins and currants are particularly included in these remarks, showing the best reason for placing the fruit upon the chopping board with the suet in making a pudding of them, for if a dry currant passes into the stomach whole, it is never digested at all. When horses eat oats or beans that have not been through a crushing mill, much of this food is swallowed wholeward in this state, being perfectly indigestible, the husk or pellicle resisting the power of the stomach, there is so much loss to nutrition. Birds, being destitute of teeth, are provided with the apparatus for grinding their food, namely, with the gizzard, through which the seed passes, and is crushed prior to digestion. The peels of apples and pears should always be cast away. Oranges we need not mention, as this is always done. Orleans, greengages, damsons, and all plums should be carefully skinned if eaten raw; and if put into tarts, they should be crushed before cooking. Nuts are as indigestible as we could desire, if the brown skin be not removed or blanched, as almonds are generally treated.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market has been dull; sales of 10 000 bbls at $5.75@5.87½ ₱ superfine; $6.75@7.25 for extras; $7.25@7.75 for extra family; $8@8.50 for fancy Ohio, and $9.12½ for high grade do. The bulk of the sales were of Western extra family at $7.25@7.75. Rye Flour is scarce at $6.50@6.75 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is quiet; Penns is offered at $4.50 and Brandywine at $5 ₱ bbl. Of Brandywine sales are reported at $5.25@5.50 ₱ 100 lbs.

GRAIN comes in more freely; sales of Wheat reach 45,000 bus, chiefly common to prime Western and Penna reds at 140@146c, and white at from 180 to 200c for common and choice quality. Rye is scarce, with further sales at 123 @127c, as to quality. Corn has been unsettled, with sales of 20,000 bus Southern mixed at 106@108c for new yellow; 108@110c for old and new mixed, 118@123c for old Corn. Oats are firm, with further sales of 18,000 bus Southern and Penna at 87@88c. Barley remains quiet and prices about the same. Of Barley Malt sales are reported at 165@165c, and small lots at 160@170c.

PROVISIONS—The receipts of Hogs still continue light, and the demand for Pork moderate, with sales of 1000 bbls old Mess at 21½@21 ₱ bbl. Beef is quiet, and prices without change. Bacon shoulders are wanted, at 7¼@7½c ₱ lb for Shoulders; Sides are quoted at 9@9½c, and Hams scarce. Green Meats are firm, with further sales of 1000 casks, mostly pickled Hams, at 11@11½c. Lard is firmly held, with small receipts and sales at 12½@13c for old and new tierce, and 13½c for keg. Butter continues firm and the demand fair, with further sales of Pennsylvania and Ohio at 18@23c, and New York and State at 25@32c, the latter for choice Goshen. Cheese is firm but quiet, at 13@16c for common and prime factory and dairies. Eggs continue scarce at 28@30c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The demand continues very light. Sales of 300 bales, within the range of 79@80c, mostly for low grade to good middling and fine quality.

ASHES remain unchanged, and the demand moderate.

BARK—There has been rather more doing in Quercitron. About 100 hhds were disposed of at $35@36 ₱ ton for 1st No 1. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX—Yellow sells at 47@48c ₱ lb.

COAL—There is very little inquiry either for shipment or home use, and quotations are nearly nominal.

COFFEE—The market is firm. About 500 bags found buyers, in small lots, at 29@31½c for Rio—the latter for prime—and 33@34c for Laguayra, cash and time.

COPPER is firm.

FEATHERS—We quote western at 60@63c ₱ lb.

FRUIT is active; green Apples sell freely at $3@3½ ₱ bbl; Cranberries range at $7@10; dried Apples 8@9c; and unpared Peaches at 10@16c, for quarters and halves; pared are scarce, and worth 22@25c.

HAY is quoted at $28@35 ₱ ton.

HEMP—The market is quiet.

HOPS are selling as wanted, at 30@60c ₱ lb for contract and ordinary.

IRON continues high. Sales 1000 tons Pig at $44@45 for No 1 anthracite; $41@43 for No 2, and $36@38 ₱ ton, cash, for No 2, mostly of the former numbers. There is no Scotch Pig here. Prime Blooms are worth $120 ₱ ton. Is Manufactured Iron there is no change.

LEAD—Bar is in good demand at 9½c.

LUMBER is firm. Sales of White Pine at $26@30. Yellow Sap Boards at $24@26. Hemlock raft do at $20@21, and Scantling at $16@17. Shingles range at $19@21. A cargo of Laths sold at $2.25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is quiet, and the only sales we hear of are 200 bbls New Orleans, by auction, at 44@45c, cash, and 100 hhds Cuba at 41½@43½c, 4 mos.

PLASTER is firm; sale of soft at $4.75 ₱ ton.

RICE is unchanged, and the demand limited at 7¼@7¾c for Rangoon.

SEEDS—There is very little Clover seed offering or selling, and prices range at $7@7.50 ₱ bus. Further sales of reclean'd Seed are reported at 11½@12c ₱ lb, the latter for prime. Timothy is in steady demand at $2.20@2.75.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are scarce and high; sales of N E Rum at 90c. Whiskey—Sales of bbls at 39@39½c for Penna and Western, and Drudge at 38@39c.

SUGARS—The market is firm, a few small sales Cuba at 12¾@13¼c, cash and time.

TALLOW is unchanged, we quote Rendered nominal at 12@12½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market has been moderately active with sales of Kentucky Leaf at 13@15c ₱ lb. Of Manufactured the sales have been very large.

WOOL—The market is firm but quiet, about 200,000 lbs Fleece, of this the range of fine is at 70c ₱ lb, common to fine, including 80,000 lbs Saxony at 83c ₱ lb.

SANITARY COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
1307 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

MR. CALEB COPE, *Treasurer*,
N. W. Corner Sixth and Minor St., Philada.

Sub-Committee on Correspondence.

Mrs. M. B. GRIER, *Ch'm'n.*
Mrs. B. H. MOORE, *Cor. Sec.*
Mrs. GEORGE PLITT, *Rec. Sec.*
Mrs. W. H. FURNESS.
Mrs. LATHROP.
Miss M. M. DUANE.
} Ex-Officio.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 7th, 1863.

Your Executive Committee has the pleasure of presenting to its fellow-laborers a sketch of its operations during the month of November. Our work has been rather of a peculiar character, but will serve well to illustrate to our contributors the varied interests which present themselves to the U. S. Sanitary Commission. Its watchful care has always followed the soldier of the Union, in the camp and the hospital, and even to his home. It is now permitted to provide for him, also, as a prisoner in the hands of his enemies. The close of October brought to our ears a cry of agony from those dens of horror, the Richmond prisons. Those noble men who won a nation's grateful plaudits on the field of Gettysburg were entering terrible privations, and were suffering from hunger and nakedness, almost within reach of the abundance which God has bestowed upon this land, favored above all others even in the midst of a cruel war. Driven by the necessity forced upon them by their own absolute inability to relieve this suffering, the rebels dreading the verdict of the civilized world, have permitted relief to be sent to those wretched prison-houses. How the great heart of the loyal North grieved, and how freely its hands were outstretched to give the means of carrying food and raiment to those noble martyrs of Freedom, is known to you all. From the counting-room and the work shop, from city and hamlet, the offerings of a true-hearted, humane and patriotic people have come in. The Central Office of the Sanitary Commission, and all the Eastern Branches have received liberally. These gifts have been usually in money, which was wise, as it enabled the Commission to purchase such articles as a sound judgment dictated as most useful under the circumstances. The means of transportation to the prisoners not being entirely unimpeded, it was thought best to send such food as contained the largest amount of nutriment in the smallest amount of bulk. Hence, large quantities of concentrated soup stock, condensed beef tea, canned roast beef, &c., have been purchased and forwarded to them. Our rooms have presented an appearance of great activity. The packing and despatching of large numbers of boxes, every week to Richmond, has caused considerable bustle of preparation. So much we have said of the work of the past month, that our auxiliaries may take in the whole subject in examining the figures of our Report. It should be borne in mind that these figures merely represent articles contributed, but do not include the large purchases made with the money, which is also the people's offering. As it is not our province to present a treasurer's report, this is not the place to speak of articles purchased by authority of the Commission. We have received from our auxiliaries during the month of November the following articles:—

694 cotton shirts; 428 woollen do.; 342 pairs cotton drawers; 269 do. woollen do.; 429 bed sacks; 213 pairs Canton flannel drawers; 76 wrappers; 394 pairs socks; 190 do. slippers; 775 handkerchiefs; 152 sheets; 71 blankets; 50 quilts; 148 pillows; 175 pads and cushions; 373 towels; 218 pillow-cases; 66 arm-slings; 73 needle-cases; 10 vests; 9 coats; 8 pairs pantaloons; 29 cans tomatoes; 15 bottles catsup; 87 do. syrup; 140 jars jellies; 191 do. preserves; 9 kegs pickles; 31 bottles do.; 63 do. wine; 5 gallons do.; 1 keg do.; 144 pounds farina, &c.; 334½ do. butter; 30 do. cocoa; 3 barrels potatoes; 1 do. apples; 96 pounds extract beef; 12 cans condensed milk; 4 boxes soap; 97 pounds do.; 25 combs.

Also, a large quantity of bandages, dried fruit, books, newspapers, stationery, games, vegetables, spices, sponges, cigars, bed screens, &c.

Of the above list 429 bed sacks, 34 woollen shirts, 105 pairs do. drawers, have been made under the auspices of the Special Relief Committee, of material furnished by the Commission.

We have received in all one hundred and twenty-seven boxes, barrels, and packages, Thirty-five boxes and kegs have been dispatched to Richmond, ten to the Central Office at Washington, four to Pottsville, and five to New York. 273 boxes and 19 barrels remain in store. The requisitions of the Department Hospitals have also been filled, as well as those of the Special Relief Committee. A considerable amount of delicacies also remains unpacked upon our shelves.

We have given you the results of the work of November. They are larger than those of the preceding month, but we put the question fairly before our Auxiliaries—Is it all that Eastern Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware are capable of doing for this institution of their own—their agency in Philadelphia, for the great United States Sanitary Commission? New England excels us in the amount of her offerings. Surely—surely, the feeling is not wrong. In all good and holy work, there should be a generous emulation. This Department embraces a region of our country which patriotism has consecrated above all others. Nowhere else will there be found so many of the battle-grounds of the first Revolution. We appeal to the daughters of those patriot fathers. Shall our sisters of New York and New England excel us in devotion to the glorious cause? We are sure that from every town and village, from every church and school-room—yes, and from every fireside will come the answer—*No!* Let us take our place in the advance guard for this noble work of relief, as Pennsylvania has done in the nation's struggle. She has given most to the battle-field of her heroic sons. It is fitting that her daughters should excel all others in their labors for the suffering soldiers of the Union. New Jersey and Delaware will go hand in hand with us in this work. Our States must double their contributions, and they will if we go earnestly to work. New societies must be founded. Our Auxiliaries must constitute each member an apostle to rekindle the smouldering patriotism, revive the wearied energies, through all the country about them. Each true-hearted woman can do something, somewhere. Shall we do this work—woman of New Jersey, Delaware and Pennsylvania? Yes—we will. Let us so resolve and we will grow stronger as we go on, if we go to work in earnest, and in the right spirit.

Think whom we have to work for. Our Union army advancing onward to victory. Our country is almost our own again. Shall any of those who are bleeding to win it, perish—if our poor, weak, yet loving women's hands can help them?

Respectfully submitted by the Executive Committee. M. C. GRIER, *Chairman.*

"The History of the Sanitary Commission" is the title of a book published for the benefit of the Commission, which will be ready for sale by the middle of December. It will give a full account of the purposes and the work of the Sanitary Commission, compiled from documents and private papers. Its organization, its Branches, its Department of Inspection are all treated of; and all persons desirous of knowing the truth about the Sanitary Commission are requested to read it. All who are desirous of aiding the Sanitary Commission are requested to buy it, for the *entire profits* of the work will be given to the treasury of the U. S. San. Com.

Price $1; Cheaper Edition 75 cents.

For sale at Messrs. Little & Brown, publishers, Boston, Mass. Orders can be sent by mail. The book will be ready for issue Dec. 18, 1863.

Will our Associate Managers oblige us by requesting the editors in their respective counties to help our cause by inserting this notice of the book? We have had occasion more than once to thank the loyal editors of county papers for the courtesy that they have always been ready to extend to the "Women's Penn. Branch of the U. S. San. Com."

MY COUNTRY.

What shall I do for thee, my land,
In this, thy hour of need?
Thy cry goes up unto the skies,
And shall I take no heed?

Shall all my nights be spent in rest,
And all my days in ease;
While thousands sleep in tented fields,
Beneath the wintry breeze?

And thousands more by silent hearths
Await the battle cry—
The keenest suffering in war
Is not for those who die.

Oh, God! to think of all the woe
Beneath the mourner's roof,
The days of sickening, sad suspense
That herald in the truth!

Oh, God! to think of all the tears
That drench this hapless land—
From Mississippi's swinging course
To broad Atlantic's strand!

Oh, mothers, wives, and sisters fond,
Who wait the tidings dread,
I would our country might be saved,
And you should weep no dead!

But did I count as many sons
As did Cornelia bold,
I'd gird myself their weapons on
And speed them from my fold!

My eyes are full of gathering tears,
But not for those away:
It is that I've not one to send
To fight our cause to-day.

I'll give my strength, my life, my all,
And may the offering be
As worthy in thy sight, my land,
As if I died for thee!

C. J. M.

DONATIONS.

PHILADELPHIA, Monday, Dec. 7th, 1863.

The Women's Penn. Branch, United States Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut street, acknowledge the receipt of the following donations in hospital supplies since the last report:—

Jackson, Susquehanna co., 1 bbl.; Women's Aid, Fairville, Chester co., 1 box, C. H. Brinton, Sec'y; Mrs. Daniel Corbet, Odessa, Delaware, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Forestville, Bucks co., 1 box, Mrs. B. S. Buckingham, Sec'y; Aid Society, Northumberland, 1 box, H. Jenkins, Sec'y; Miss Eddowes, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Pottstown, 1 box, 1 keg; Ladies' Aid, McCoyeville, Juniata co., 1 box; Mrs. J. Sill, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Barclay, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Davis, 1319 Mt. Vernon street, 1 pkg.; Mrs. Chandler, 1 pkg.; St. Mark's church, clothing, &c., Miss Maria Williams; St. Andrew's church, Mantua, West Phila., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., 1 box, Mrs. Dr. Dickson; Ladies' Aid, Little Meadows, 1 bbl.; citizens of Hammonton, N. J., 5 boxes; Miss Davis, 1136 Walnut street, socks, etc.; Mrs. Kent, Edenfield, Kittyville S. C., 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Stroudsburg, 1 box; Mrs. J. K. Latimer, Wilmington, Del., 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lewisburg, Union co., 1 box, Mrs. Dr. Dickson; Mrs Penn Gaskell, 1 box, 1 pkg.; Women's Contributing Aid, 1 pkg.; Miss J. H. Haven, Chatharine St. Hospital, Germantown, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lock Haven, Clinton co., 1 box, Mrs. H. D. Barton; Julia Harrison, Flemington, Clinton co., 1 pkg.; St. James's church, 3 pkgs.; a friend, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Lewisburg, 2 pkgs., Mrs. Isabella James, Sec'y; Saving Circle, through Miss Emma Wood, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Montrose, Susquehanna co., 2 bbls., Nos. 40, 41, Miss Mary E. C. Bird, Secretary; Ladies' Aid, Northumberland co., 1 pkg., E Donald; Ladies' Aid, Tunkhannock, Wyoming co., Jacobstown, 1 box; A Friend, 1 pkg.; Ladies' Aid, Gwynedd, 1 box; Ladies' Aid, Christ Church, Germantown, W. Johnson, Sec'y; 1 keg, clothing, &c., unknown; Air Township Aid Society, 3 boxes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained wholesale for Periodical Depots of

H. DEXTER, 115 Nassau St., N. Y.
DINSLEY TOUSSEY, 154 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 5th from Baltimore, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Memphis, Tennessee.
GEO. N. LEWIS, 69 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN E. WALSH, Chicago, Ill.
REILLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

R. R. R.

A CURE FOR COLDS.

If seized with severe Cold, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, bad Cough, Headache, pain in the back or shoulders, take, on going to bed, two teaspoonsful of Radway's Ready Relief, in half a tumbler of hot water sweetened with sugar or molasses. In the morning you will rise cured of your cold. Let those who have caught cold, either slight or severe, try this prescription; it will break up your cold, if you neglect your cold it may grow seriously, and end in consumption. If suffering from Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Neuralgia, Cramps, Strains, Bruises, Wounds, &c., Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease. Price 25 cents per bottle. Every agent has recently been furnished with fresh Ready Relief.

RADWAY & Co., 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
"Sold by Druggists."

PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.

OFFICE OF THE PROV PRESS,
Rangoon, June 24, 1857.

We have never found it necessary to publish commendations of the value and efficacy of the celebrated medicine above-named, and have never sought for testimony on the subject, the extensive demand and rapid sale thereof, making it quite unnecessary; yet we are induced to publish the following, from a judicial officer, which comes to us quite unsolicited, showing a still higher value in the saving of life:

TWANTAL, BURMAH, 15th June, 1857.

My Dear Mr. Runsey—

I have but a very small quantity of Perry Davis's Pain Killer, and I regret to say that I have been obliged to refuse all the people who are continually applying to me for it. I hope, therefore, you will let me have another box.

When writing to your friends you may make use of my name if it will be of any avail. In my Circuit this year, through my Division, I really believe I saved hundreds of lives of my people, when the cholera was raging, by following the advice of Mrs. Ingalis. I happened to meet this good lady at Khattish, and I shall never forget her words: "*One teaspoonful of the Pain Killer and one teaspoonful of Castor Oil will act like a charm.*" From Khattish I passed on to Yandoon, and met Lieutenants ••• and •••, on the topographical survey. When speaking of this medicine they laughed at me. This was on a Saturday night. They were dining with me in my tent. On the following morning, the latter (Lieut. Pearson) wrote to me that one of his Lascars had been taken during the night with cholera, and asked me for some Pain Killer. I sent him a bottle, and directed him to administer it as prescribed by Mrs. Ingalis. I went to dine with them in the evening, and on inquiring after the patient, I found he was quite well.

Situated as I am here, in the midst of a dense jungle, and with thousands of people looking up to me, I beg you will let me have the whole you can spare of this medicine.

H. W. LEWIS.

LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FURS.
THE LARGEST AND BEST STOCK IN THE CITY,
AT
CHAS. OAKFORD & SONS,
CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
nov14-3m PHILADELPHIA.

ALL THE WORLD TAKE NOTICE,
THAT
THE GREATEST KNOWN REMEDY FOR
Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Weak Breast, all Pulmonary Complaints.

SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.
SWAYNE'S COMPOUND SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

A trial of many years has proved to the world that this remedy is more efficacious in curing all throat, breast and lung complaints than any hitherto known to mankind. It gives tone and strength to the stomach, and for the aged and debilitated it acts as a strengthening alterative. In Hemorrhage from the Lungs "Swayne's Wild Cherry" is the most safe and prompt styptic in use. In Phthisis, known by emaciation, debility, cough, hectic fever and purulent expectoration, it is, without exception, the best medicine extant, and in the most obstinate cases, which had baffled every expedient of human skill. Prepared only by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth St., Philadelphia. Sold by druggists and dealers.
nov7-3m

GRAY HAIR RESTORED WITHOUT DYEING.
Baldness Prevented.
Baldness Prevented.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.
London Hair Color Restorer and Dressing.

This discovery for the preservation of the human hair is taking the lead of all hair preparations; besides restoring the color and making the hair grow on bald heads, it is a beautiful dressing, keeps the hair soft, smooth and flexible, removes any eruptive disease, itching, scurf, dandruff, &c. Many who are bald and gray have had their hair permanently restored. Only one preparation. Single bottles, 50 cents; six bottles, $2.50. Sold, wholesale and retail, by DR. SWAYNE & SON, No. 330 North Sixth street, Philadelphia.
nov7-3m

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2000 head. The prices of Beef Cattle were from 6 to 11 cts. per lb. 100 Cows brought from $30 to 70 ₱ head. 4000 Sheep were sold at from 5 to 5½c ₱ lb gross. 900 Hogs brought from $8,00 to 9,00 ₱ cwt net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Right Rev. Alonzo Potter, D. D., Bishop of Penna., JOSEPH W. BARNES, to EMILY R. C., daughter of Wm. C. Ludwig, Esq., both of this city.

On the 20th of Nov. by the Rev. Andrew Manship, Mr. WILLIAM MASON, of Del. county, Pa. to Miss KATE LEWIS, daughter of the late Wm. Lewis, of this city.

On the 26th of Nov. by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., WILLIAM H. MOORE, Esq. to Miss ELIZA H. SIMCOE, both of this city.

On the 1st of Dec. by the Rev. Mr. Littlejohn, Capt. FARMINGTON L. HOOVER, of N. York, to Miss CECILIA P. MILLS, of this city.

On the 10th of June, by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. GEORGE W. CLEMENS, to Miss MARY E. GOLDING, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. BENJAMIN MARPLE, to Miss RACHEL M. WOOLLERTON, both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov. by the Rev. J. B. McCullough, Mr. JAMES KEELER, to Miss MARY J. CAMPBELL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, Mrs. BRULAH BROWNING, in her 58th year.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM H. NEEDLES, in his 44th year.

On the 7th instant, JOHN MCKIM, in his 87th year.

On the 7th instant, BENJAMIN BOND, in his 86th year.

On the 7th instant, Mrs. HANNAH COMFORT, in her 79th year.

On the 6th instant, WILLIAM M. STUART, in his 30th year.

On the 6th instant, ELIZABETH A. wife of W. J. Edwards, in her 30th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. SUSAN COMMINS, in her 80th year.

On the 5th instant, Mr. ABRAHAM NEWCOMER, in his 78th year.

On the 5th instant, SAMUEL WHITE, in his 48d year.

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Copies of the following elegant works, near at hand—"THE HOME CIRCLE." A collection of Marches, Waltzes, Polkas, Schottisches, Redowas, Quadrilles, Contra Dances, Four Hand Pieces and Piano Gems. 2 volumes. "THE SHOWER OF PEARLS," a collection of choice Duets, with Piano Accompaniment. "THE SILVER CHORD." A collection of Songs, Ballads, Quartets, Duets, &c., with Piano Accompaniment. Price of each, plain, $2, cloth, $2.50, full gilt, $3. *Mailed, post paid*, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO.,
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The Merciful Man is Kind to his Beast.

This Powder stands pre-eminent and first in rank of all those *Cattle Powders* which have come under the notice of all the most able and experienced Farmers and Agriculturists in this country for many years; in fact, we say, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that for the diseases in which it is used, it stands far superior to any other preparation; nor is its beneficial effect confined only to the ANIMAL in a diseased and unhealthy condition, but on the contrary, in the perfect healthy animal, given in proper doses, mixed with its FEED, will improve its Digestion, and by this means the whole Physical condition of the animal is strengthened tenfold, improving the quality and quantity of Milk from your Cows, keeping all the secretion of your HORSES, CATTLE and HOGS in a proper and natural condition, thereby enabling their systems to throw off any tendency to disease, keeping their skin and coats in a perfect healthy state, and through this means your stock is increased in value and good condition, which, to the practical and economical Farmer, is more than wealth. This Powder has been in use for many years, and none is genuine except that which bears the name of Fickardt's Cattle Powder. Prepared *only* by

WILLIAM RALSTON,
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WASHINGTON, Oct. 16th, 1863.

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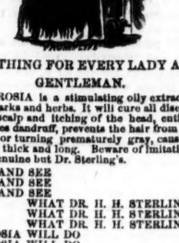
FOR THE HAIR.



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St. Nicholas Hotel.

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LEADS AND HOWARDS,
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Three Squares West of Broad Street.

The success attending the introduction of the Palmer Plate, and the numerous testimonials in its favor, have induced the proprietor to call the attention of the public to the fact that the "PALMER PLATE" is the only Plate that will fit perfectly in the mouth, and is recommended by all who have worn it. Persons wishing to have artificial teeth inserted, will find it to their advantage to call and examine the "PALMER PLATE" before having the work done elsewhere, as the principal aims of the proprietor are to produce a plate that will fit perfectly, and to charge moderately for the same. The "PALMER PLATE" has no rivals as yet offered, and is recommended by the Faculty of Philadelphia, in consequence of its perfect adaptation to the mouth. Persons having lost their teeth, and who are unable to masticate their food properly, will find it to their advantage to call and examine the "PALMER PLATE," as it will restore the natural shape of the mouth, and enable them to masticate their food properly. The "PALMER PLATE" has no gum or clasps to show, and is the most natural looking plate ever offered. Persons having plates that are loose, and cause pain, which renders them useless, can have them made perfect fits by calling at the above rooms. Persons residing out of the city can have their impressions taken, and plates sent free to any part of the country. Persons desiring to have their teeth extracted, can have it done without pain, by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas, which is perfectly harmless, and can be administered with perfect safety to the most delicate female or child. All former partnerships have expired by limitation. Address
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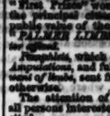

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as required.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	" 4.—Or size round the crown of the head.

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gent's Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizette, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and so cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemens' hair. nov6-sowly

PERSONS OF FULL HABITS,
Who are subject to Costiveness, Headache, Giddiness, Drowsiness, and Singing in the Ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without

BRANDRETH'S PILLS,
and many highly dangerous symptoms will be removed by their immediate use.

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for twenty-five years as his sole medicine. When he feels himself indisposed, he it from Cold, Rheumatism, Asthma, Headache, Bilious Affections, Costiveness or irritation of the kidneys or bladder he does nothing but take a few doses of

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His usual method is to take six pills, and reduce the dose, each night, one pill. In every attack of sickness for twenty-five years, this simple method has never failed to restore him to health; and few men are to be found so active and hearty as he.

May 16th, 1861.

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GREEN AND PURPLE HAIR
Are often the results of applying the ordinary dyes. The only safe article which invariably produces any shade of color desired, from a fine amber brown to the intensest black is

CRISTADORO'S
EXCELSIOR DYE.

It pervades every fibre from the root to the tip with the tinge required, and actually feeds the hair with the ailment which is requisite to promote its growth, its lustre, its permanence and its beauty.

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No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold everywhere, and applied by all Hair Dressers.

Price, $1, $1,50 and $3 per box, according to size

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. dec5-eow1t

DEAFNESS, EYE AND EAR, THROAT DISEASES, CATARRH.—The above maladies treated with the utmost success by

DR. VON MOSCHZISKER,
Oculist and Aurist, graduate of Vienna,
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where can be examined hundreds of testimonials from the very best known men in the country, among which are several from old and responsible citizens of Philadelphia, who can be personally referred to. oct11-6m

Wit and Humor.

GEORGIA COLONELS.

In the Mexican war, Georgia thought she'd raise a regiment, and did—but every man in it was a Colonel. They tossed up coppers all round to decide who should have command, and elected to reinforce Scott. Previous to marching, they committed Hardee, and found that the soldier is directed to march with his "left foot forward." So what did my precious regiments of Colonels do, but go scuffling all the way from Georgia to Mexico, shoving the left foot forward and dragging the right one after it!

For a band, they had sixty of the best fiddlers that the plantations of the State afforded.

Scott was drilling his men by brigades, when he saw a tremendous cloud of dust in the distance, which seemed to herald the coming of an army terrible with banners. Ordering his batteries into position and his brigades into line, he galloped with his staff to see what the matter was.

"What the devil are you, where do you come from, and where are you going to?" he shouted, as soon as within hailing distance.

"Georgia regiment of Georgia Colonels, General," the commander made answer, while the fiddlers struck up a tune that set all the war-horses dancing, "and we are going to reinforce Scott!"

"But what are you marching in that fashion and kicking up such a devil of a dust for?" shouted Scott, in thundering and wondering tones.

"Hardee's tactics, General," returned the commander, gally, flourishing the open pages of the book in the air, "Hardee's tactics, left foot foremost, General!"

"And I'll be blessed, gentlemen," says the old General, in telling the story, "if that whole regiment of Georgia Colonels hadn't marched all the way from Georgia to Vera Cruz with their left feet foremost, kicking up the raggedest dust you ever did see."

OLD CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.

The old Konektikut blu laws are wonderful strick. I have thought best to preserve sum ov them for the benefit ov future posterita who cum after us.

JOSH BILLINGS.

No man shall chaw tobacker on sunda, unless he swallers the spit.

It shan't be lawful for enny man tew set down in a harvest-field tu rest, unless he sets on a sharp stone.

No man shall hav a rite to kiss his wife more than 3 times a da, unless bi her written request in writing.

If a man finds a pease ov munny in the hiway on Sunday, when he iz going tew meeting, it shall be lawful for him tew watch it, but it shan't be lawful for him to pick it up till after the settin ov the sun.

If a Deakin swops hosses, and gets cheated, he shall be turned out ov the church and pa a fine ov 4 gallons ov Nu England rum.

Enny man who swares out loud shall pa a fine ov 10 shillings. If he swares to himself he shall pa a fine ov 3 shillings and the kost of the korte.

No man shall hav a rite tew vote or get married who kant eat pork and molazzes and repeat the 10 kommandments.

No young woman shall have a rite to get married who kant maik good punkin pize without eggs into them, and who kant maik a doughnut that will keep at least one year without loozing its twist.

THE VICE PRESIDENT.

Vice-President Hamlin must get some new clothes. During a recent visit to Boston an acquaintance who appreciated the character of the man rather than external evidences of position and power, passing him in the street met a jolly Jack in full naval costume. Thinking it might be a gratifying announcement, our friend pointed to the Vice President, saying:—

"There, my boy, is Mr. Hamlin, the Vice President."

Jack looked doubtful and dubious for a moment, and then indignantly said:—

"Tell that to the marines. Do you suppose that your Uncle Abraham would let the Vice President loose in that sort of rig—see, he's got a cable tier kink in his hat, and he's pretty darned seedy all over. If he isn't one of Jeff. Davis's guerrillas, he's in danger of being picked up for one, if he goes where Uncle Sam's men keep their weather eye open."—*Gloucester Telegraph.*

THE WAR MAPS.

McAroon says in a recent letter relating an interview with the President:—

"Lincoln then asked my advice about the censorship of the press. I told him to do away with it—'reform it altogether,' as my distinguished colleague, Shakspeare has said. The only exception I suggested, was the suppression of the Herald war-maps. Eminent physicians assure me that since their publication began, dull people have endeavored to comprehend them, incurable idiocy has increased with frightful rapidity. It was for this reason that the French Emperor recently confiscated a copy of that paper which contained a map of the French situation in Mexico.

"Mr. Lincoln was pleased with my suggestions, and promised to attend to them."

THE ENGLISHMAN AND THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—It is well known that in the northern countries of Europe the summer days are very long. Toward the frontiers of Lapland, for instance, the sun at midsummer remains several nights without setting. To behold this curious phenomenon a great number of tourists ascend Mount Ava-Sassar, situated near Tornea. Among these tourists some years ago was a rich Englishman. He arrived at the summit of the mountain at ten o'clock at night on the last day on which the phenomenon was visible. He was attended by a domestic, who carried an enormous basket filled with provisions. He established himself on the withered grass, under the shade of pines and firs. After eating and drinking copiously, he fell about half-past eleven into a deep sleep. However, when feeling his eyelids closing, the Englishman had called his domestic, and told him to awake him exactly at midnight. When it was close on midnight, the faithful John shook his master violently by the arm, and said, "It is midnight; awake." "Oh! no; I am sleeping very well; leave me alone." "But you know that it is the last day." "Never mind; let me sleep; I can come back next year."

FAT MEAT—FLUIDS.

The following are the opinions of the late Prof. Charles Hooker, M. D., of the New Haven Medical College, upon the use of fat meat as a diet, and also upon the effect of fluids upon the human system, as stated by his successor, Prof. L. J. Sanford, in a recent address commemorative of the deceased. The views are somewhat novel to many, but the high position which he has held as a lecturer upon physiology, and as a medical practitioner, entitle them to a candid consideration:

"But in the use of ailments, his leanings were towards fat meat; he recommended it to all well persons, as being indispensable to the preservation of health, and insisted on its employment, as the stomach would bear, in all chronic cachecic cases. In the latter, it was a *sine qua non* to recovery, and so he was inflexible in directing its use. A question which he was sure to put to every walking case of sickness that applied for his assistance was, 'do you eat fat meat?' and in prescribing for all such patients he would sooner have dispensed with medicine than omitted the fat meat, provided always, that the stomach could be brought to tolerate it.

It is not strange that our friend should have been portinacious on this point, for a long course of observations extending over a large region of country, had enabled him to establish the following conclusions:

1. Of all persons between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two years, more than one-fifth eat no fat meat.

2. Of persons at the age of forty-five, (at which time, and for several years after, the health is generally most uniform and sound,) all, excepting less than one in fifty, habitually use fat meat.

3. Of persons who between the ages of fifteen and twenty-two, avoid fat meat, a few acquire an appetite for it, and live to a good old age, while the great proportion die with phthisis before forty-five.

4. Of persons dying with phthisis between the ages of fifteen and forty-five nine-tenths, at least, have never used fat meat.

When Dr. Hooker's broad views on the subject of oily food were first announced, the profession was startled, and so unplausible did they seem, that we have been slow in putting them to the test; but so far as the trial has been fairly made, results favor the conclusions at which he arrived, and I cannot resist the conviction that the time is coming when the profession generally will conform, more or less closely to this dietetic practice.

From what has already been stated, it will be inferred, that Dr. Hooker regarded temperance in the use of fluids as essential to the preservation of health. He held that their excessive use weakened the stomach, and gave rise to indigestion, and dyspepsia with all its train of evils; also that the functions of the liver were deranged thereby, and further, that the blood becoming diluted, the individual was predisposed to dropsy and hemorrhage, and to a variety of diseases incident to a defective nutrition; and moreover, believed that intemperance in the use of alcoholic stimulants, in some instances, was excited by copious water drinking. It is a well known fact, that the more a person drinks (beyond a certain quantity) the more they will desire to drink, and the explanation of which is, that the water, by diminishing the secretion of the saliva, and washing away from the mouth and the fauces the small quantity which is secreted, causes those parts to become dry—the individual of course experiences thirst, and finding no permanent relief from a recurrence to water, (which is not strange, as the cause of any suffering can seldom accomplish its cure,) naturally enough resorts to something stronger; the alcoholics are tried, their use persevered in, and ere the victim is aware, he is possessed of an irresistible appetite for liquor. Thus does water drinking lead to rum drinking, according to Dr. Hooker, and the explanation is not merely a theory, it has foundation in fact, for he could cite illustrative cases which he knew were applicable. He considered a quart of liquids in the twenty-four hours as an outside allowance for any person without regard to the season of the year; they were to be used only with the meals, and in about equally divided quantities."

A PLEASANT PREDICAMENT.

FOOTMAN.—"If you please, sir, master said I was to let you know dinner's waiting."

TOMPKINS.—"Yes—But, James, look here! These can't be my trowsers, you know!"

JAMES.—"No, sir! Why, sir, those belong to old Mr. Shortshanks, who went away this morning; and, depend upon it, he's taken your's instead."

[Poor Tompkins, who is visiting in a strange house, and is wretchedly shy, bursts into a cold perspiration.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?—Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when ill? Who hung over your little bed, when you were fretful, and put the cooling draught to your parched lips?—Who taught you how to pray and gently helped you to read? Who has borne with your childish ways? Who loves you still, and who contrives and works for you every day you live? It is your mother—your own dear mother. Now let us ask you, "Are you kind to your mother?"

KISSING A SUNBEAM.—A babe, not old enough to speak or walk, was creeping on the floor. By-and-by a bright ray of sunshine fell upon the carpet. Baby saw it, and crept toward the dazzling object. She looked at it, and crept all around it, with the greatest interest in her sweet face, and then putting down her little lips she *kissed* it.

Now was not that beautiful? The bright little sunbeam lighted up joy in her baby-heart, and she expressed that joy with a sweet kiss.

☞ NEVER SULK.—Better draw the cork of your indignation, and let it foam and fume, than wire it down to turn sour and acrid within. Sulks affect the liver, and are still worse for the heart and soul. Wrath driven in is as dangerous to the moral health as suppressed small-pox is to the animal system. Dissipate it by reflecting on the mildness, humility, and serenity of better men than yourself, suffering under greater wrongs than you have ever been called upon to bear.

Agricultural.

PLANTING THE VINE.

In whatever soil you plant the grape, let it be worked at least two feet deep. No grape vine, in border or vineyard, can be expected to flourish in soil that is not trenched, and if not rich, made so to that depth. This is the experience of vine-growers for more than two thousand years, and any depth less than two feet has always proved a failure, either producing a stinted crop or an inferior fruit. A dry gravelly or sandy loam is considered the best, when well incorporated with rich mold or composted manure. We would not recommend soils that are too loose by nature, for in that case it would require too great an amount of manure to keep up a healthy growth; and further, the roots of the vine must have some opposing substance to keep them healthy, for they were made to work—that is, they possess the strength to force themselves through the soil (if not too hard) in pursuit of food, and they require a soil that offers an opposition compatible with their nature. If the soil does not offer this, their pores become closed and the roots weak and sickly.

Whatever kind of manure is used, whether muck, horse, cow, flesh, or any other imaginable kind, always let it be well decomposed before being applied. Let no visionary cultivator persuade you to use it in any other form. If you have any doubts upon this point, study the history of vine culture in Europe where every conceivable method of manuring has been tried. Pliny tells us, in his 17th book and 24th chapter, that the vine is supposed to have the sense of smelling and to scent every odor, and therefore it is observed in her by experience that "if she can be near unto a radish or cabbage she will turn away and draw away from them, as if she could not abide their strong breath, and utterly abhorred it as her enemy." Perhaps he was somewhat visionary in propounding his theory, but the practical truths that he would convey have been tested and proved true by the experience of all ages, and are correct. We would never recommend placing any carcass, offal, or fresh manure in close proximity to the vine roots. It requires no extraordinary skill to prepare ground for a grape border or vineyard. Let it be well drained, either naturally or artificially, and then let it be thoroughly mixed to the depth of two feet, (three is still better,) and if it is rich enough to produce eighty bushels of corn per acre, it will be in good condition for a vineyard, provided the position is suitable. The ground should slope a little to the south or south-east, and in this latitude if the slope is abrupt, all the better.

We want our vineyards to get all the heat possible in this latitude, and to have this we recommend planting upon soil sloping to the south, in preference to land that is entirely level. A greater portion of the vineyards of France and Italy, are planted upon the sides of hills and mountains, but they do not always slope to the south. In some portions of the country they avoid this exposure as much as possible, for they receive too great heat with such an exposure. But we cannot get too much in our latitude, and every means should be applied to increase instead of lessening it.—*Ohio Farmer.*

PEAS AND BEANS.

Prior to the Reformation in England peas and beans formed much of the substance of the peasantry and soldiery, and supplies of such food were provided for the armies.

Sir W. Betham observed, that in the records of Dublin he had found entries of shiploads of peas sent from Dublin to Liverpool, for the use of the army during the wars of the houses of York and Lancaster.

Even ladies partook of this hardy fare. In Harrison's edition of "Hollingshead's Chronicle, chap. xi. p. 21, read—"A large mouth in mine opinion, and not to eat pease with ladies of my time." An old laborer in Somersetshire, speaking to his master, the late Mr. Symons, of Axbridge, on the degeneracy of modern laborers, said, "Ah, sir, men cannot now do such a day's work, living on potatoes, as they did when I was young, and when we lived more on peas;—peas, sir, stick to the ribs." The theory of Liebig explains this fact, by showing that peas abound in *legumine*, which goes direct to the formation of muscular fibre, whilst potatoes contain but little of the elements of fibrine, and abound in starch, which maintains the vital process of breathing, but does not replace the exhausted substance of the muscles. It has recently been observed by a writer on the agricultural state of Dorsetshire, that the farmers and laborers in that county have seldom any calf on their legs. The probable cause of this may be their scanty use of bread and leguminous food, or of beef and mutton, their chief sustenance being potatoes and bacon, both composed, in great part, of carbon, and containing comparatively few elements of fibrine. Facts like these suggest the expediency of resuming the use of peas and of bean flour, together with potatoes, where laboring men cannot purchase an adequate supply of the nutritive flour of wheat, barley, or oats. The flour of beans is often used by bakers to adulterate wheaten bread, and is so white and delicate as not easily to be detected. It is more restorative of strength to hard-working men than even the flour of wheat. We see its effect, also, in rapidly restoring the exhausted muscles of horses that are severely worked. The same quantity given to horses idle in the stable would produce disease from excess of nourishment, for which, without exercise, there is no adequate consumption.

THE JERSEY SWAMPS.

There are many peculiar features connected with the soil and topographical formation of South Jersey. Everywhere the features of the country indicate that it has been formed by the continual beating of the ocean and winds upon the shore, and the deposits of vegetable matter. The swamps are singular instances of this, and there are men who make it a business to dig up the cedar trees buried for centuries in them. These are cut into rails and shingles of an excellent and most durable quality. These swamps are very valuable, an acre of such timber commanding from five hundred to a thousand dollars. A peculiar feature is that the soil is of purely vegetable growth, often twenty feet or more in depth. This peaty earth is constantly accumulating, from the fall of leaves and boughs, and trees are found buried in it at depths, quite down to solid ground. The timber so buried retains its buoyancy and color, and it is considered so valuable that large numbers of workmen are constantly employed in raising and splitting the logs into rails and shingles. In searching for these logs the workman uses an iron rod, which he thrusts into the soil, and by repeated trials ascertains the length of the wood he strikes, and then digging down he obtains a chip, by the smell of which he can determine whether it is worth removal. The number of shingles produced from the wood of these submerged forests is very great; from the little town of Dennisville, Cape May county, as high as eight hundred thousand, valued at twelve thousand dollars, have been sent to market. From the same place thousands of dollars' worth of white cedar rails are annually sent out. The deposit of timber at this point extends to an indefinite depth, and although, from the growth above it, believed to be two thousand years old, is all entirely sound, and will supply, for years to come, the draft upon it.—*Jersey City Advocate.*

Useful Receipts.

BAKEWELL PUDDING.—Line a flat dish with puff paste, put over it some preserve and candied lemon-peel, then fill it three-parts full with the following mixture:—½ lb. clarified butter, dissolve in it a ½ lb. sifted sugar, add 4 yolks and 1 white of egg well beaten—it may be flavored with rose, orange flower-water, or anything else approved. To be well baked in a moderate oven; when cold grate over it fine white sugar.

DYES FOR MOSS OR GRASS.—For pink, get some logwood and ammonia, and boil them together in water; for red, logwood and alum; for blue indigo, blue; and all other colors that will dissolve. To keep the grass together, dip it in a weak solution of gum water; or put some gum water in the dye, which will answer the same purpose.

REMEDY FOR EARACHE.—M. Duval says he has found relief in severe earache, other means failing, from a mixture of equal parts of chloroform and laudanum, a little being introduced on a piece of cotton. The first effect is a sensation of cold, then numbness, followed by a scarcely perceptible pain and refreshing sleep.

HOW TO CATCH THEM.—A contemporary recommends the following as an effectual precaution against burglars:—"If you are sleeping in a room in which you apprehend a visit from a robber, spread half a dozen newspapers on the floor, near the entrance of the room. The very lightest step will rustle the paper so as to awaken the heaviest sleeper, and the door cannot be opened or a step made without the rustling." The means recommended are cheap enough and cannot lead to any harm.

TO CLEAN FURS.—Strip the fur articles of their stuffing and binding, and lay them, as much as possible, in a slanting position. They must then be subjected to a very brisk brushing with a stiff clothes brush; after this, any moth eaten parts must be cut out, and be neatly replaced by new bits of fur to match. Sable, chinchilla, squirrel, fitch, etc., should be treated as follows:—Warm a quantity of new bran in a pan, taking care that it does not burn, to prevent which it must be actively stirred. When well warmed, rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand. Repeat this two or three times; then shake the fur and give it another sharp brushing until free from dust. White furs, ermine, etc., may be cleaned as follows:—Lay the fur on a table, and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water. Rub until dry, and afterwards with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with a flannel, and the dry with a piece of book muslin. The light furs in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia or a piece of book muslin, after the bran process.

The Riddler.

MUSICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 71 letters.

My 24, 17, 26, 36, 60, is what music is written;
My 9, 19, 3, 34, 30, and 46, 15, 8, 13, 39, 64, is what my 24, 17, 26, 36, 56, consists of.
My 44, 67, 32, 62, 71, 69, 66, is a musical term.
My 8, 12, 23, 20, 18, 58, 34, 50, 41, is a musical instrument.
My 30, 2, 25, 47, 61, is one of the parts in vocal music.
My 14, 12, 11, 23, 40, 42, is what all musicians should thoroughly practice.
My 57, 4, 10, 12, 1, 45, 28, 22, 27, 38, is a musical term.
My 6, 8, 59, 54, 37, 22, 5, is the name of a celebrated composer of music.
My 15, 28, 16, 52, 35, 56, 51, 48, 53, 60, is a favorite musical instrument.
My 15, 5, 31, 48, 66, is a favorite Prima Donna.
My 7, 8, 18, 33, is an old fashioned Sacred tune.
My 36, 21, 29, 27, 65, 67, 69, is a delightful recreation.
My 16, 49, 50, 33, 55, 09, 60, 57, 25, 59, 4, 13, is very desirable in learning music.
My 41, 70, 61, 63, 65, 33, 65, is a very fine Sacred Air.
My whole is the author's name, and title of a very beautiful and popular song.

Cincinnati, Ohio. MRS. J. H. L.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When chilling winds blow from the north,
And frost lies on the ground,
We hear, as out the rabbit leaps,
My first give forth a sound.
My second, on the lake, or sea,
Is seen in many forms;
Dancing in sunlight merrily,
Or brawling 'during storms.
My whole has carried terror far,
As history will tell,
And borne our flag to victory,
Mid crashing shot and shell!

Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

My whole is a great Western staple; behold me and I am an agent in steam locomotion; behead me again and I am a verb in the present tense; again, and I am a preposition; again, and I am a beverage. C. C. MIDDLETON.

Stonington, Ill.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The height of a conical glass (filled with water), its top diameter, and the transverse axis of a heavy oblong spheroid placed upright in it, are each 6 inches. Required—the spheroid's magnitude, the water displaced being a maximum? GILL. BATES.

Hopeville, Clark Co., Iowa.

☞ An answer is requested.

MOVING BALL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Suppose a certain ball would move the first day 800 miles, the second day only 796 miles, and in the same proportion would decrease its speed, each subsequent day lacking one-two-hundredth part of what it had moved the day before, continually. What distance would it move, supposing it would thus continue to move to all eternity?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the most appropriate timber for sewing-machines? Ans.—Hemlock.

☞ What sort of desire does the modern Cupid excite? Ans.—Cupidity.

☞ Who is the shortest man mentioned in the Bible? Knee-high-miah. That is wrong. It is Bildad, the Shuite (Shoe height.)

☞ Why is a child a year old like a sugar-bowl? Ans.—Because it's a teething (teething.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

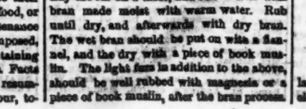
GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—May the Saturday Evening Post and the Ladies Friend be crowned with long life and success. ENIGMA—Downfall of Poland. ENIGMA—General Harney. CHARADE—Manhattan (man, hat, tan.)

Answer to R. Barto's PROBLEM published November 14—The distance from C to D 2,631-7770 miles. A. Martin, D. Engel, and E. Hagerty.

Answer to PROBLEM, by R. J. McBride published November 21st—A received $3,750, and B $1,875. R. Barto, A. Martin, John Hall, D. George C. Cholwell, Willie T. Lee, R. Bates, F. D. Mize, Gill Bates, Lindsay Derby, Cadet, and Lelia Cole.

Answer to ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM by R. Barto, published November 21—100 and 36. Cadet, West Point, Gill Bates, R. Bates, and A. Martin.

The following is the answer to my PROBLEM October 31st:—



Carroll Co., Md. B. ENGEL.

☞ FRIENDSHIPS.—The purest and most lasting friendships are permeated with an element of reverence.—*Austin Phelps.*